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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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POEMS,

CHIEFLY OCCASIONAL,

BY THE LATE

MR. CLIFFTON.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED, INTRODUCTORY NOTICES OF THE LIFE, CHARACTER AND WRITINGS, OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

AN ENGRAVED LIKENESS.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum Cithara dedit.
Ergo *Quintilium* perpetuus sopor
Urget? cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum inveniet parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit;
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili.
Durum: sed levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

NEW-YORK:
PRINTED FOR J. W. FENNO,
BY G. & R. WALTE.
1800.

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NOTICES

OF THE LATE

MR. CLIFFTON.

THE memoirs of a Man of Genius, must be at all times interesting to the lovers of Letters and the Muses. For altho'

Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,
He keep the noiseless tenor of his way;

Yet the incidents which occur in the detail of his social intercourse, are frequently marked by lines so strongly and beautifully characteristic, as to interest every finer feeling of the heart.

In America, Genius is a lowly, wild and neglected shrub, shooting up apparently by fantastic accident, amidst the confines of a dreary, desolate waste;—happy if it escape the ruthless hand of persecution and oppression,—always hopeless of attracting the enlivening dews of patrician favor, or the rays of the benignant sun of congenial science.

Herein, as well as a thousand other respects, are the conduct and the character of America, essentially *Anti-Republican*; and the painful fact exists a distinguishing characteristic of difference from every other enlightened people.

It is a melancholy truth, that in America, the only roads to *eminence* in letters, are by the vilest quackery and the grossest pedantry. Tales concerning old women, on their death beds, Affidavits of the efficacy of Iron Skewers, in curing disorders of every species, and crude Dissertations, Dictionaries of the American language, and uncouth and ignorant systems of Grammar and Orthography, and shreds and patches of Geography, are your only politic books. These flourish in unbounded eclat, edition upon edition of them is called for, and they throng the libraries and book stores, whilst works of genius and merit, go continually to the grocer or the pastry cook, in cart loads, after having ruined those who have enterprised in them.

For this dulness, for this profound apathy to the voice of genius and learning, there is no excuse. We have the broad luminary before us, and our sphere is shone upon by lights adequate to its illumination. We grope about with dark lanterns, during the full blaze of the meridian orb. It hath been sworn that the light of science shall not shine here; and all avenues are accordingly barred against it. Its Temple is occupied wholly by ignorance and pedagogy.

The baths of Alexandria, and the wrath of the Caliph, *were not more fatal vortices to* learning, than this state of

hebetude in the public mind. The hand of desolation may again destroy, as it hath destroyed, all that is destructible of the *works* of genius and of learning, and genius itself shall survive, and light anew the lamp of science. But when an universal irruption of Gothicism upon any country, hath overpowered and decomposed all the energies and nobler faculties of the mind, as it seemeth here to have done, the case is hopeless; no morning dawn need be again looked for, but in the eventual purgation of the earth and the renovation of nature.

> "*This* once extinguish'd ray,
> Will ne'er resuscitate another day.
> Here, Science, thy last stage of being lies;
> No other Phœnix from thy dust shall rise."
>
> GROUP.

When an utter apathy has seized on a whole community, and a perfect indifference to Science and the works of genius, pervades all ranks; when political rancour hath subdued every fine feeling of the soul to that relish which will endure nothing but malice and fury; the conflagrating hand of an Omar can add nothing to the devastation. A veto is imposed on the efforts of genius, as effectual as a statute punishing them with death.

This hath not always been the reproach of popular governments. Even in modern days, under the auspices of Republican forms, rich offerings have been made at the altar of learning, in her own consecrated temple. Refreshing fragrance hath often been heaped on the censer of *genius*, by priests worthy to have officiated in the

highest honors of Apollo, in happier times. Venice and Tuscany have emitted rays, the splendor of which hath illumined every region.—Switzerland also claims an honorable estimation, as the prolific source of ingenious speculation, of interesting and instructive narration, and of profound and elaborate research. Even Holland has had her Grotius—even

> In those cold fens, beneath those shifting skies,
> Where fancy sickens, and where genius dies;

There have yet been found some listeners to the voice of Learning and elaborate research. And though the few in whose breasts the vital spark hath there glowed, may not have reaped the fortune nor the honors of Addison or Pope, or Rumford, yet their merits never produced to them starvation nor persecution.

It is left to others to find excuses for this fatal indifference to letters; and I doubt not there are enough ready to excuse. But as it is obvious that while a delinquency is on all hands justified, there can be little hope of retrieving it, I should deem myself accessary to the prolongation of the evil which is complained of, were I to seek for excuses or palliatives.

That the total insensibility to the efforts of genius, which pervades the United States, hath not wholly precluded offerings at the shrine of the Muses, this little volume is an evidence. But the occasional effusions which it contains, would never have been uttered, had the author been placed in a situation to need public countenance, or had he been endowed with a disposition to desire it.

"Born," (in the language of an American Poet) "with a mind untaught" to aspire after popular praise, he never in any instance calculated upon obtaining the "most sweet voices" of those sovereign masters, who are so often alternately conciliated and trampled on. "Pleas'd with a bubble, tickled with a straw," ever mad when they ought to be sober, ever restless when they ought to be quiet, he held at an equally vile price, their complacency and their hatred. Happy in the enjoyment of a competency, and possessing his soul in peace, he wrote, for his own pleasure, unbidden strains.

The rupture of a blood-vessel at the age of nineteen, disqualified him for the active scenes of life. From that period until his death, at the age of twenty-seven, he devoted himself with unwearied assiduity, to the cultivation of liberal letters: endowed by nature with a lively and penetrating genius, a mind of uncommon strength, and a judgment remarkably acute, this application of his powers could not fail to produce the mellow fruit of study.

But the weakness of his frame owned no kindred to the energy of his mind. He had accumulated upon it a burthen overproportioned to its powers, and like ill-sorted travellers, they very early parted—parted forever. The active vigour of his genius

> "Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
> And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay."

He struggled long against the insidious approaches of a fatal hectic, and while he sought by various means to

divert its influence, bore with the resolution of a stoic, many of the severest ills that flesh is heir to. From his friends, he studiously concealed those apprehensions of his dangerous condition, which the unconquerable obstinacy of his disorder, had long taught him to entertain. Such was the exquisite refinement of his mind, so delicately sympathetic was his sensibility, that he frequently resisted his feelings, and contended against serious indisposition, rather than disturb the enjoyments of that frequent circle of friends, of which he was an essential ornament and delight.

In the sports of the field, he enjoyed peculiar pleasure, and the frequent exercise which he derived from the pursuit of his favorite pleasure, Shooting, contributed perhaps, in no mean degree, to the prolongation of his life. In that sport, which, in spite of the idle invectives of unthinking persons, is peculiarly worthy of a liberal mind, he was, as in almost every thing he pursued, thoroughly accomplished.

Nor did he shine less in most of those other small, sweet courtesies of life, which, as Sterne pathetically exclaims, make so smooth the road of it. An expert Swordsman, a scientific and admirable Musician, an accomplished Painter, and a graceful Dancer; he was no less an ornament to the private walks of life, than to that higher and more splendid sphere, the superior attractions of which seldom left him free to display those accomplishments, which were more generally sought after and admired.

His company was courted with assiduity by men of *sense, and by the few* men of rank who figure in that

number. But he sought the shade, delighting more to linger with his little social circle on the banks of Ilyssus, than in all the attractions of patrician pomp and splendour.

In the month of December, America lost this bright ornament to her name. Cut off, in the early morn of life, at the interesting period, when the results of long study were daily maturing to "further ends more excellent," we are left doubly mourners, for what he was, and what he would have been.

Of the Poems now presented to the public, it is not probable that he would have avowed either, being studious of exemption from general notoriety, and so diffident of his own merits, that he never spoke of them but as insignificant effusions. By request they have been put into my hands for publication: I persuade myself they will prove a desirable offering to the lovers of genius, and am not without the hope that they may enhance the estimation of American literature. They are published without much reference to the order in which they were written, it being found sometimes difficult to ascertain the arrangement proper in that respect.

The Group is an occasional and local satire, designed however to have a general application to any knot of turbulent and ignorant patriots, who employ those hours, assigned by necessity to the adze and the hammer, in machinations against the quiet and security of society. If any characters are alluded to, they were used merely as mediums of description, being too wretched to become *objects of personality*.

In this Poem, the author has not confined himself to any particular model. We are delighted now with a purity that might vie with the poetry of Pope, and now with the engaging sweetness of Goldsmith.

The following imitation of Parnell, is not unhappy.

In some rude spot, not far from many a stew,
From youth to manhood bearded Futtock grew;
Still hand and glove, with every sweep and fool,
His tutor impudence, the street his school;
Grace to his soul no mellowing beam convey'd,
His passions bloom'd and ripen'd in the shade,
By wit untemper'd, unrestain'd by sense;
For men are virtuous in impertinence:
Happy as stupid in whate'er degree,
The height of bliss is blank supidity.
As age increas'd, this doubt perplex'd his mind,
Whether or not, he were of human kind; &c. &c.

The similarity of manner between these four lines, and a very celebrated passage in Pope's Iliad, will strike every reader.

Now here, now there, as trade and honour call,
He mounts the Stage, or thunders in the hall;
Timber and words distorts a thousand ways,
Now rips a bottom up, and now a phrase.

The conclusion of this Poem has in it much of fine poetry, and many sublime and original ideas: it is peculiarly free at the same time from that tendency to bathos,

which disfigures the writings of the best American Poets. It contains a just picture of that arrogant tribe, into whose hands the new dynasty is about to pass.

It is singular to behold these pestilent vipers exalting themselves to power, on the ground of revolutionary merits, when it is a recorded fact that the greater number either wavered till the termination of the contest; or alternately joined and deserted either party, as either party preponderated; or, fairly proved cowards, and retreated to lurking holes.

These are the depraved miscreants, who now affect to venerate the name of the departed Washington, whom having pursued with their most venemous malignity while living, they now seek to dishonour by their praise, when dead. These are the men who could

> View his meridian beam with flutt'ring gaze,
> Or shut their orbs of darkness on the blaze;
> Wing the black shaft, protrude their blades of lath,
> And spit their froth and venom round his path.

These are the men in whom exclusively are pent up all the relics of ancient and modern republican virtue; these are the freest, the most enlightened of statesmen and legislators, the wisest and most melodious of orators, the sublimest of Poets, and the bravest of heroes; the anointed guardians of Liberty, the chosen champions of human dignity and equal rights. And yet, these, too, are the men

> Who, ever anxious for the spoils of strife,
> Blaspheme their country's dearest name and life.

The Poem concludes with a melancholy prognostication. It was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six, and it is an evidence of the deep thought of the author, that he could see thro' the delusions of that day, when the general cry was *redeunt saturnia regna*, the golden age is come again—and extend his penetrating view, far thro' the mists of error and the veil of self-love. Much it is to be feared, that so far as the concluding lines apply to America, they may yet be verified. God forbid! And yet when we reflect on the tameness and even apathy, with which so large a portion of the people, are content to gaze at, or to shut their eyes against, dangers the most imminent and glaring; and so many more, to bow beneath the iron yoke of a most aggravated tyranny, can we forever enslave our convictions to our hopes, and forever doubt, till it arrive, that

> The hour *is* hastening, when, on equal feet,
> Exalted virtue and low vice shall meet;
> When envy, faction, insolence, shall rage,
> In one wild tempest thro' the troubled age;
> When human dignity shall meet its doom,
> Devotion perish, reason, worth, a tomb
> In the rude wastes of Ignorance shall find,
> And true equality shall bless mankind?

The Rhapsody, being written *current calamo*, is not without faults and inaccuracies. Its beauties are numerous and of the highest order. In the general style of the Poem, we discern much of the easy carelessness and degagée manner of Mat. Prior.

"' Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a Tinman's shop ?"

It gave rise to some ludicrous circumstances, occasioned by a strange kind of man taking it into his head to conceive himself described in the history of Paddy. There are no other than general allusions throughout the Poem.

The policy of this country in *inviting*, as it has by every means done, emigrations from Europe, is finely exposed in this Poem. It is pertinently asked

Can he who 'gainst his parent rais'd
His impious arm, by us be prais'd ?
Can he, who made the law his foe
At home, to us be faithful ? No:
The dog that bit his master there
Walks in a longer tether here.

Whether we confine our attention to that proportion of Emigrants who come under the denomination of ejected convicts, or to those who have been simply malcontents under foreign Governments, these questions are equally pertinent. Can the convict be a desirable accession to the population of a free and enlightened Republic ? Or can we expect our code of laws to curb that seditiousness of disposition, which the energy of regal power failed to controul ? Obvious as these views are, and were, a pernicious infatuation gave birth to an opposite policy, under the auspices of which, many of the Governments of the country have passed under the power of this lawless and desperate banditti. The deluded

people, now become their subjects, indulge in idle rant against Foreigners; but the truth is, they have no reproaches to cast but upon themselves.

The next Poem in this collection was left by the author unfinished. It has been thought fit, notwithstanding to insert it, on account of the many sublime flights of Fancy, which distinguish it.

In that bold originality of thought, and those daring flights of fiction, which can proceed from the genuine *vis poetica* alone, the writings of this young Gentleman, generally, and the Poem before us in particular, merit high praise. Since Collins, some of those points in which he shines, have, perhaps, been most rarely attained.

Some account of the Descent of Talleyrand into Hell, and a few papers on the importance and necessity of a Naval Establishment, were the contributions and the only ones, of the author, to the ANCHOR CLUB.

The Anchor Club was an association of a small band of literary gentlemen, in which social purposes were combined with that of producing a disposition in the public mind towards war with France. Amidst all the ribald nonsense which has been at various times uttered against this Club, and persons denounced as members in the Jacobin Gazettes, it is remarkable that they have in no instance stumbled upon a single member. The public objects of this institution were confined to a general defence of the Government against its enemies, which *was* conceived to admit of more efficacious execution *by urging to a* war with the French Republic, than by

ary other. To this end, the members unremittingly devoted their efforts, until the government which they defended proved recreant, and deserted its own cause by making peace with the enemy. The object of the Club was no longer attainable; and the labours of the members ceased.

The Descent of Talleyrand, may with advantage be set in opposition to any production of American genius. Its conclusion contains no very remote allusion to the melancholy cause of the rupture of the Club. It is to be regretted that this cause so disheartened the mind of the patriotic author, that he could never after resume sufficient composure on the subject to continue it.

The remainder of the volume consists of the short occasional sallies of intervals of complacency or disgust. The song written and sung at a Festival held in Commemoration of the Victory of Lord Nelson, well pourtrays the impressions made by that immortal exploit, upon the minds of all but the gloomy and sullen slaves and devotees of Republican despotism.

It did not appear unseemly, nor treasonable, in the sight of the Poet, to exult at the fortune of unrivalled valour and unrivalled virtue.

The pretty lines to a Robin, were occasioned by the return of a favorite to his nest on a little spray, within reach from the window of a study, where the author had often fed him from his hand. The bird had been frightened away and disappeared for a whole season. His return on the following Spring occasioned the lines alluded to.

Mr. Clifton was in stature of the middle size, his person well proportioned, and not inelegant. The portrait prefixed to this volume is a tolerable accurate delineation of his features; he had an eye so animated, and a countenance generally, of such interest and prepossession, that the most skilful Painter could not have hoped to copy them.

THE GROUP.

KEY-PLATE TO THE GROUP.

President, *a rope-maker*, ... T———y.
Solon Verges, *a carpenter*, ... L———d.
Tom Belch, *a drover*, ... J———ns.
Gaffer Macgoggle, *a shipwright*, . . . P———n.
Richard Sniffle, *a carpenter*, ... M———y.
Nat Futtock, *a shipwright*, ... H———n.
Gobbo Finis, *a coffin-maker*, ... D———ss.
Gudgion, *a strange fish, little known*, . . S———d,
John Stripe, *a schoolmaster*, ... L———e.
Nat Gluepot, *a joiner*, ... F———n.
Toby Twist, *a rope-maker*, ... P———e.

THE GROUP.

" It were no better than picture-like to hang against a
" wall if renown made it not stir."——COR.

SHAKSPEARE.

PICTURES, as paint and canvass, I despise;
I like the virtues they immortalize,
And while such worth, with critic eye I scan;
I love the likeness, and adore the man.

THUS, by the States' decree, in living lines,
Triumphantly, the Group of S——th——k shines;
Demands the meed of verse, and blots the praise
Of ancient pencils and of modern days;
Makes Brouwer dull, transcends the grotesque school,
And out-apes Nature in a nat'ral fool.
None saw, but in the Poet's page alone,
The breathing canvass, or the speaking stone;
But here the prodigy all must allow,
And what was fiction then, is real now.

AN artist, once, in days of old, 'tis said,
With peerless sleight, had finish'd off a head,
And, to complete the wonder with a word,
Speak! said the Artist—not a muscle stir'd:
Not so our painters, e're the piece was done,
The kennel open'd, and the cry begun.

OH! happy Artists, of the palm secure!
You manage with such art the *clair-obscure*,
With talents so profound, such potent skill,
You've made e'en "*dusky darkness visible*."
To little purpose, I the wreath present;
Your works, great masters, are your monument.
The soul's broad feature there I teach to trace,
(Tho' all behold, yet few can read a face),
And, while each figure labors to excel,
The little story of his life I tell.

THOSE, of my readers who are desirous of viewing this extraordinary Group of drolls, may learn in the following lines, the time and place, when and where it may be seen gratis.

NEAR Ebenezer, spot belov'd by fame,
Shines it each Monday night in wooden frame,
And, round the place, with equal style display'd,
A thousand pretty scenes in light and shade.
Here black Europas gain their cream skinn'd Bulls;
There tipsy Bacchus's with broken sculls;
Observe you will oft pictured as you pass,
Young Danäes ravish'd by a drop of brass;
Joves, clad in bear-skin, suck Calista's paw,
And sleeping Venuses on beds of straw.
These the bright models are from which arose
The choicest graces that our picture owes.

A chief and fourteen more compose the piece;
A master gander and his flock of geese!
Where president and all with one accord,
Are circumseated at an empty board,
With this distinction, he obtains a chair,
Thrice lucky man! the rest on stools appear.

SWEET Sylph, who seek'st the fleecy clouds repose,
Or giv'st its colours to the morning rose,
The painted beam delighting to untie;
And form'st fantastic figures in the sky,
Come be my Muse, tell whence each feature springs,
And flutter round thy poet while he sings.
Shall I, dear comrade, to my subject true,
The gentle bathos in the tale pursue?
Or, rising gradual up the soft ascent
Of a bright climax, gain the President?
"Order is Heaven's first law! the poet's lays
"Must class the grades of virtue they would praise,
"To the exalted give peculiar grace,
"As first in merit, so the first in place."
True, but, on second tho't, I shrewdly deem
Their parts all librate on too nice a beam;
As these in this, so those in that excel,
A fly-blow here, or there would turn the scale.
"Then what so plain? pursue the artist's track;
"First sketch the fore-ground, middle, then the back."
Alas! that I such counsel must refuse!
'Tis all back-ground, all shadow, gentle muse.
Well one by one their merits thou advance,
E'en as they came into the world—*by chance.*

OF happy quaintness, and a wingless wit,
On yon joint stool see pondering Verges sit.
No common 'habitant is he of Earth,
Cats bark'd, and horses whistled at his birth;

From trances deep, to caper, snails awoke,
Oysters grew eloquent, and cockles spoke.
As omens promised, so the babe appear'd,
Grac'd in his cradle with a length of beard,

SURE type of wisdom and a nose so rare,
To it no breach-born nozzle might compare;
Such weight of muscles, prominence of beef,
What art could give a nose like his relief?

WHILE yet a child impulsive genius strains
To gain the birth, and throbs his teeming brains;
And fledg'd with mandates, featur'd with resolves.
The legislative faculty evolves.

FOR plastic nature, in a sportive fit,
The germ of greatness in the matrix spit;
There quick'ning humours scarcely her obey,
And codes of future Law, in embryo, lay.
But soon the birth impatient from the core
Irruptive burst, and issued at the pore,
Like carbuncles, around the brain did thrive,
And all the busy surface seem'd alive.
But some object against such gifts as these,
"They clothe the soul in vile excrescences;"
To which I thus reply, as shrewd as just,
What is an apple pye without a crust:
And sages tell us, 'till by art reveal'd,
In the rude block the statue lies conceal'd;
So here if art, or chance, or reason can
Chip off the *legislator* there's the *man*.

NOW had he gain'd an age mature and ripe,
And learn'd to blow his nose, and smoke a pipe;
From post to pillar kick'd, he scratch'd his pate,
And rose himself a pillar of the state;

Chose, thro' an instinct, by the sov'reign crowd
The ass his owners knew, and bray'd aloud,
Thus came, at length, the bright, the happy hour,
When fame should lead him to her civic bower;
When he the garland round his head should wear,
Of fragments treasur'd up in safety there;
For in the workshop of his brain were strewn,
Speeches half fram'd, well season'd by the Moon.
Promiscuous heaps of chips, and unwrought stuff,
Motions jack'd out, and ideas in the rough.

WHO e'er rejects, whatever ills oppose,
Still cull a statesman by his ample nose;
For some, I know, maliciously, maintain
That noses are the strainers of the brain,
And if, unluckily, they prove too big,
Out leak the brains, and lurch the scull and wig;
Nay, waxing personal, say Solon's foes
Nature has pluck'd his tongue to plume his nose,
Thus teaching Verges that she sent him here
An object of the eye, and not the ear;
And when, t' allure the fool, ambition sung
He should have *smelt a rat*, and held his tongue.
But 'las, the day! am I oblig'd to tell
That wisdom in a snout delights to dwell;
That, not to one poor sense alone confin'd,
It teems with all the powers of the mind.
Shew me a man with extra talents blest,
I'll show a nose as far before the rest.
See! that which nature gave to G—t—n,
Frowns, like a rock, upon his mouth and chin,
Threat'ning aloud, each moment as he goes,
To fall like thunder on his patriot toes.
What gain'd Jew-groom (1) the democratic throne?
What, but his supplicating nose alone?

If megrims plague the head, or spleen deform,
A pinch of snuff becalms the gather'd storm:
And oft, when impudence infests the brain,
Tweak but the nose, and all is right again.
When by the nose we say a man is led,
A chain of reasoning sways the subject head;
And all the world consents, an empty snout,
Nor sense, nor truth, nor logic turns about.
'Tis true that heads, which stupid were before,
By use of wine, will straight with wit run o'er,
And, as the volume of the fancy grows,
E'en so expands its title page, the nose.

THUS have I made my proposition good,
And done much more than even Verges could;
For oft' he sung, in melancholy plight,
And notes symphonious to the dogs of night,
Oh! could I prove my brain was not a tripe,
And, that my nose was not a cl–s–r–p–pe,
Happy were I, and happy were my pen;
But who can make a capon of a hen?
Oh! Solon, could the muse, in Lethé deep,
For ever let thy tongue forgotten sleep,
I'd not expose it to the public roar,
As it has often done by thee before:
But rest assur'd, ar far as justice may,
I'll hide its follies, and its fame display.

TRUE, in the *House* he barely chews his cud,
And chips his claws, as many others would;
Yet can he wonderfully wag his jaw,
And blow a soap-sud bubble thro' a straw;
And can, by putting of his nose thereto,
Devise what kind of filth perfumes your shoe.

THO' in the legislature he despair,
Look on yon group, he makes a figure there:
As busy aspens quiver in the gale,
As sing the rattles in the serpent's tail,
As catfish at a meal, as fools at fair,
So his abstract of tongue is busy there:
And ever, like the wriggling tadpole found.
It kicks, and flounces in a flood of sound.

WHEN, to this worthy man, the tidings came,
That he was summon'd, in the people's name,
To give them laws, he humbly thank'd the crowd,
" Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile," and bow'd.
Then, turning to his shop, with length'ned chin,
He pull'd his trowsers up and turn'd ag'in,
Again he turns, again his breech he pulls,
And thus apostrophis'd his shop and tools,
" Thou offspring of my toil, dear little shed!
" Farewell, I will not leave thee long," he said;
" Thy boards can witness, and thy joints disclose,
" That not by cunning, nor by art I rose.
" And you, ye tools of well tried steel, adieu,
" Ye little chisels, and ye gimlets too,
" Who, like your master, ne'er would feel the bit,
" But hit the very spot you should not hit;
" Where'er I go, I'll think upon your weal,
" For every sympathetic block I'll feel,
" The smallest sprig in safety still shall dwell;
" Sweet Tools adieu, dear little Shed farewell,"
He said, and scratch'd his head with sapient air,
A proof he had a *little something* there.

NOW rose his ancient hat, patch'd was his shoe,
His strides were length'ned, and his visage grew;
And of his coat, his freedom coat no doubt,
The back was widen'd, and the sleeves let out,

The bag of meal, which promis'd future bread,
Now pinch'd his stomach to supply his head,
The wenches leer'd, the neighbours cry'd good lal
And frighted infants scream'd, that's not pappa!

I HATE the midnight lamp, to read is pain,
Tho' books may gild with thought the ideot brain,
Old musty parchment may perfume the scull,
And see-saw poets make the stupid dull;
Yet let this truth, in sweetest numbers, flow,
What Nature teaches is enough to know,
What instinct, at our birth, she bounteous gave,
Is all we want, and all we ought to have;
He's dear to Fame who simply boasts of this,
Such Midas was, and hungry Verges is.
Virtues like these my kindling soul inspire,
And I consume with bright poetic fire;
Fresh wreaths of moss around his wig shall twine,
Who proudly knows not three times three are nine,
But, when the sun has set, can tell 'tis night,
And knows to scratch his vermin when they bite.
If hunger gripe him, he can wisely say,
A bone would cure it, or a crust allay;
If troubled he can growl, if tickled, grin,
And feels uneasy if he breaks his shin:
This, this is wisdom Nature deigns to own,
And this oh! Verges is thy praise alone.

SUCH is the face which hangs on rumour's wing,
And such the matchless merit which I sing.
Accept one boon, dear Solon, e're we part,
The kind, warm wishes of a friendly heart.
Long may'st thou live the peoples' rising hope,
Still climb the ladder, and avoid the rope;

And may, like mine, some much admiring pen
Give thee a gentle sonnet now, and then;
Still o'er thy noddle may the poppy bow,
And sweet meconium circumfuse thy brow;
None brighter in yon breathing picture shine,
None longer flourish in the poet's line,
And death in vain his mortal fillip give:
There may'st thou figure, here forever live;
That men may construe, as they pass along,
How looks an Ass's head above the throng.

HERE I beg the reader will pardon me, if I lead him from the flower-cover'd mountain of poetry, where rhyme responds to rhyme, and the warbling lines pair together like young doves, down to the low meadow ground of humble prose; and be patient while I recite the heads of a conversation, which took place, between a friend and myself, some minutes subsequent to the close of the last verse. After having perused the above lines, he questioned as follows.

DIALOGUE.

F. PRAY sir what may be your object in the high stile of compliment you are displaying, in my opinion to very little purpose?

P. I HOPE to the most salutary purpose: it will have a powerful tendency to point out the propriety of countenancing a system of mental, and pecuniary equality; to develope to the world instances of greatness *independent of education*; and to turn the time, wasted in youth *over books and* scholastic cobwebs, into another, and more

natural channel: in short sir, I wish to bring all mankind down to the valley flowing with the milk of common property, and the honey of oblivion.

F. YOUR pen and tongue very illy accord in this particular; despising books as you affect to do, it were easy to imagine you would rather assist to diminish, than multiply the number.

P. EVEN such is the drift of my design: is it bad policy to turn the edge of your enemy's weapon against himself; or will the operation of salutary medicine be the less energetic if given under the label of a poison? I think not; and therefore hope my simples, however nauseous, may expel what are really poisons from the system.

F. MANY a book written with nearly the same intention, has proved an antiperistasis, and strengthened what it sought to destroy. But could you find no characters, to exemplify your principle, who move more in the sphere of public observance than those represented in the object of your adulation?

P. NONE, who stand more on the ground of rendezvous; this, sir, is the last level, which can never fluctuate: you have had a prospect of the scene I presume?

F. A kind of lobby view, through a crack in the exhibition room, where after betraying some trifling symptoms of trepidation, such as an involuntary erection of hair; a strong vibratory motion of the nerves; and a suffusion of *cold sweat over the* externals; I proceeded to make a few *conjectures on the* wonderful phænomenon. At first, I

thought what I saw might be produced on the wall by means of a magic lantern; but on closer inspection, I found they had three dimensions; and smiled at their similarity in appearance to a circle of grandsire apes diverting themselves by grinning at each other, while they pushed into the fire fragments of fuel left unconsumed by their predecessors: but at length, waving the question, whether they were fictitious delusions, or actual productions of nature, I exclaimed, in the words of the poet,

"MEN, bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod.
Peel'd, patch'd, and pye-bald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some and shirtless others."

P. WELL, is not the union of such variety a very pretty thing, seeing the propensity of Nature to scatter men abroad; particularly where the passions are predominant, they repel each other like the corresponding poles of so many magnets; or fly in a thousand directions, like the rays of a taper; and nothing could have brought so many heterogeneous particles together, had not our artist, like a lens, thrown them into one focus.

F. PSHAW! you see precisely the same thing in every mob; with this difference, the mob possesses more energy, and is not quite so ill favoured. But then, I must make some exceptions; for, after the agitation of my spirits had somewhat subsided, and I was at liberty to contemplate more fully, the physiognomy of the figures before me, I soon discovered three or four faces which varied essentially from the rest, and appeared to bear none of those characteristics you so highly prize.

P. I well know which you mean, H—p—ys, M—k—n, *P—n—e and* I—n—n, and perhaps you esteem the noble *President of* the same class.

F. THE first four are the gentlemen to whom I allude; the other face is altogether neutral, and bespeaks a mind which neither affirms or denies, but seems to oscillate perpetually between the two sides of a question, and backs and fills like a ship lying off and on in a storm. A man

" Who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
" Means not, but blunders round about a meaning."

As is somewhere said of pretty nearly the same kind of person. But touching the other gentlemen, I suppose you have nothing to say.

P. Why truly sir, it is unpleasant to find blemishes like these in a picture in every other respect of finished excellence: but there are spots in the Sun. Besides, they have their use; for while like *vapours*, they cast a shadow over the piece, they are a *medium* that adds lustre to the *Hales* with which the heads of their noble colleagues are adorned.

F. THAT they shed a ray of respectability on the rest, I believe is truer than you designed to admit, and therefore I pray you throw them aside, pass them over in silence; for, should you condescend to eulogise such characters ten to one, but they would repay your panegyric with ingratitude. You know what the philosopher says, " A garland wove by stupidity cannot sit easy on the head of a genius." You would be still mingling your poppies and mandrakes in the wreath.

P. CALM your apprehensions my dear friend, and while I acknowledge your compliment, permit me to assure you, that I have ever held them unworthy of sharing *the bright reward* with those incomparable faces I mean to *dignify with a plume* of immortal verse: what the world *calls men of understanding* and propriety, can never possess

that disseminating liberality of sentiment, for which it is a thorough paced demagogue's piety to pant, and which I shall ever esteem my highest praise to have promoted. You must now allow me to proceed with my task.

AGAIN, dear Muse, come mingle in the song,
And bring some democratic friend along;
Or black, or white, no matter, bond or free,
Nay prithee sweet one, do not frown on me;
Yon asking jowl, and saucy pleading eye
So eloquently speak, who could deny?

IN some rude spot, not far from many a stew,
From youth to bearded manhood Futtock grew;
Still hand and glove with every sweep and fool,
His tutor impudence, the streets his school.
Grace to his soul no mellowing beam convey'd,
His passions bloom'd and ripened in the shade,
By wit untemper'd, unrestrain'd by sense;
For men are virtuous in impertinence:
Happy as stupid in whate'er degree,
The height of bliss is blank stupidity.

As age increas'd, this doubt perplex'd his mind,
Whether, or not he were of human kind;
His mother's husband was a man 'tis true,
His mother dear might be a woman too;
But many a husband wears the lusty horn,
And many a monster lives of woman born;
And what to monsters shall prescribe a shape,
That an Acephalus, or this an Ape?

ONCE from his sleepless straw, at break of day,
With adz and maul, he took his pensive way.

Deep ruminating on his doubtful kind,
When lo! the river at his feet declin'd,
Soon, to the liquid glass his eye appli'd,
He saw his monkey visage in the tide,
Despairing saw, and sought the street, with speed,
To ground his judgement on another's creed.

And now the sun thro' eastern windows play'd,
And 'woke to labour many a drowsy maid;
Laugh'd at the laggard as he stole along,
And fill'd the pav'd-way with a busy throng;
When Futtock, frantic for his luckless face,
Seiz'd on a passenger and told his case.
Friend, quoth the man, whatever beast you be,
Your tongue and form extremely disagree;
I've seen no ape with oral meaning blest,
No man with bones so monkecally drest:
But, ere our final judgment we declare,
Impart what animals your parents were.
Both, gentle sir, responds the trembling elf,
They both were human creatures like yourself;
Again, ere you to light and being came,
Did never monkey fright your pregnant dame?
Never. Your father? Yes, I heard him say,
He saw them running wild in Africa.
Enough, enough, enough! the stranger cries,
You owe your figure to your father's eyes;
Had he been blind, or hug'd his native place,
A human form had blest his fond embrace;
But, far from home, he cross'd the fearful main
To forest deep, or monster haunted plain,
Where, lifting up his curious eye, he saw
A little monkey on the retina:
And, thence transmitted to the pineal gland,
He brought thy idea over sea and land;

His appetency flames, in many a curve,
The little image dances on the nerve,
His wife impress'd, the embryon cub began,
And lo! an ape begotten by a man:
So oft by procreating fowls, is seen
A lurking toad beneath the herbage green,
Whose filthy shape the doating male alarms,
And stamps a quadruped with all its charms.
What tho' no tail, in dangling grace, appears
To deck thy breech, yet calm thy rising fears;
From the brief *Os coccyges*, we infer
A signal Orang Outang character.
Anan! quoth Nat, his oxen eyes at rest,
His fallen chop reposing on his breast,
And fix'd each palsied puzzled member grew,
For not one letter of one word he knew.
But soon, a vent, his bursting griefs provide,
He curs'd himself and all the world beside;
Apes, asses, monkevs, men his rage proscribes,
By individuals some, and some by tribes.
This sweet vociferation all admir'd,
While some the nature of his woe enquired,
Sooth'd with soft words, the wild tempestuous yell,
And bore the hapless maniac to his cell.
Why should I sing how there the friendly clan
Declar'd, in very deed, he was a man,
To none inferior, in the least degree,
On the broad scale of French equality:
Suffice it, that his renovated frame
Enjoyed their counsel, and at length became
A brawler brave at every factious fray,
And great as *garçon fendu* (2) in his way.
This, as the group with annual touch refin'd,
Not unobserv'd escap'd the S—h—k mind;
In him our Artists saw their stamp confest,
And drew his figure there among the rest.

WHERE'ER around your shifting optics burn,
Some rising beauty greets them in its turn;
Yon figure see, with thickest fogs begirt,
That batch of tallow all belac'd with dirt,
Where thou, dear Muse, may'st recognise the plan
Of thy old island mooncalf, Caliban.
A butcher once, by grazing now he thrives,
Is far more stupid than the ox he drives,
Dead tho' he liveth, tho' a savage tame,
A mule by nature, and Tom Belch by name:
Him must the world detest; so let it be!
What's filth to them, is frankincence to me.
Should his swollen head and weeping nose declare,
That too much blubber floats in quiet there,
Where never knowledge casual entrance found
To flash one glimmer on the dark profound;
With fond delight I view the happy sign,
And mark him in the register as mine.
Behold each bloated muscle seems to say
In ever drowsy stillness let me lay;
And sleep so absolute within him reigns,
That the blood doses in his lazy veins,
That not contented with the night's regale,
He slumbers cheerly at the bullock's tail.
Abroad, at home, at table, in the straw,
If still, this ruling passion is the law;
And this one phrase his nature will define,
That but to teach him is an anodine;
I own it all with measureless content,
A sleeping man must still be innocent.

MUSE still delight me with thy song sublime,
Translate yon Highland face to English rhyme;
Make to the world Macgoggle's merit known,
With all Lavater's spirit and thy own.

Some thirty years, mid oakum, tar and dirt,
With fellow reptiles, and *unfledg'd* desert,
This undistinguish'd *grub* escap'd our sight,
That flutters now a *beetle* of the night.
Fame now, to him, her ready hand bestows,
And to her temple leads him by the nose;
Where, treacherous grown, away the wanton flings,
And leads the puppet in his leading strings.

Now here, now there, as trade and honor call,
He mounts the *stage*, or thunders in the *Hall*,
Timber, and words, distorts a thousand ways,
Now rips a bottom up, and now a phrase.

What men by labour and attention gain,
Full handed nature lavish'd on his brain,
Gave him to act the rhetorician's part,
To rise by instinct, and to curse by heart.
Thus! thus accomplish'd he has got the knack
To analyze an idea in a crack:
Should, haply, something like a thought arise,
A swarm of ragged words dispute the prize,
And piece-meal, jointless, hither thither tost,
The poor dismember'd notion yields the ghost.
Once, with his subject warm'd, I heard him say,
"The stones vindictive gallop'd o'er the dray,
And that same dray, with more than mortal force,
Burst nature's barrier, and o'erleap'd the horse." (3)
What gems of eloquence are here display'd,
Figures full dress'd, and thoughts in masquerade;
What scenes of fancy on our senses ope,
There roars hyperbole, here squints a trope;
And what great voice could e'er endue so quick
With life a dray, or vivify a brick.

Not wholly blest is man of woman born,
The Ass, that crops the thistle, feels the thorn;
When warm'd with lust, that passion unrefin'd,
If husbands fear him, or if wives are kind,
This thought his peace forever must annoy,
They're slaves who fear him, wretches who enjoy.

Lo! Sniffle speaks, with 'witching cadence blest,
Hush every breeze, be every foot at rest;
Suspend the tides, they roll alas! too loud,
Stay the dread thunder in the kindling cloud,
Let each fond planet loiter in its sphere,
And every star of every system hear.
What mortal e'er with darker brow appear'd?
What mortal ever strok'd a stiffer beard?
Looks, words, and gestures all consistent shine,
A boar in prospect, and in speech a swine.
Mark how he labours, like a qualmish pup
Surcharg'd with prog, to pump his vomit up;
Mark how his wezand learns to lisp, and roar
In language utt'rance never knew before;
And mark, oh mark! that trembling, lurking eye,
Which light confounds, and nought can justify.

But still, wherever seen, on land, or seas,
Or thro' a pill'ry, still that face must please;
That voice must charm, thro' every ear it meets
Hawking old rags, old rags, about the streets;
And all must that peculiar twitch prefer,
Whether as shoe black, or a scavenger.

Sniffle, the stupid shrug, the leer is thine,
The vulgar wink, and methodistic whine;
Securely, thou may'st innocence betray,
Then stop thy ass's ears, and slink away;

If two cant shreds of scripture, patly said,
Will gag the mouths of censure, and the maid:
But will they, Sniffle, while they bribe renown,
Becalm the angry quills of conscience down?

Happy are they who, tho' unsainted yet,
Wear loose religion like a chemisette,
Whose ample make leaves every action free,
And casts a shade o'er each deformity.
A jackdaw faith, mischievous, chatt'ring thing,
Dress'd in a plume of every heathen's wing,
Owns gods of commerce, beauty, gold and spunk,
With christain Bacchus spiritually drunk.

Oft have I seen a member of this crowd,
In gospel language blasphemously loud,
Who; while the tributary wheat he draws,
Delights your tickled ears with holy straws.

The lights extinct, and barr'd the cautious doors,
Hid from all eyes, the midnight orgie roars;
Where many a novice maiden learns to tell
Of the new birth, the first great principle.
There Sniffle revels blest among the blest,
At feasts of love who would not be a guest?
Or, while his brothers loudly preach, and pray,
Picks up his language for another day.
As broken legs and arms, when set with care,
Grow vastly stronger than they ever were,
And as the uniform protects the man,
So Sniffle, who can form a better plan,
Sins now and then, that he may be forgiven,
And wears the national cockade of heaven.
He thinks, should he the Infidel defraud,
'Twill hurt the devil's cause, and serve his God,

To each stray brother, still he cries repent,
Converts a sister with a fond intent,
Keeps every christian law that serves his turn,
And wenches rather than the flesh should burn:
But should he find at last, by some disaster,
" He cannot live by God, he'll change his master."

If Pan, Apollo's harp e'er whistled down,
If Ballad mongers ever charm'd the town,
He, above all men, has the gift alone
To bring an anthem down to Bob and Joan.
Oft' have I seen, the whilst a hymn he'd troul,
The mad'ning gutters all in concert roll;
Seen list'ning cows forget to chew the cud,
And pigs like dolphins tumble in the mud.
With eyes up-turn'd, and paw upon her heart,
I saw a cat with giddy rapture start,
And an old dog, when far from home astray,
Throw down his bone, and run for life away.

Sniffle, farewell, defy the brow of shame,
Thy friendly poet has embalm'd thy name;
Thro' every kind of dirt perform'd the deed,
Mine is the labor, thine the happy meed.

Pardon me, noble president, I pray,
Thy too long exile from the sprightly lay,
Which soon will spread its insect wing, and sail
With thee, all glowing, in its phosphor tail.

Tho' many wonder how thou found'st the way,
Who art, God wot, no Solomon they say,
To that great walk where ropes of law are twin'd,
Curb halters for the many headed hind,

And thou a mighty silkworm of the train,
Yarn from thy bowels spin'st, and not thy brain,
Yet I thy Bard, with keen poetic eye
Much legislative use in thee can spy:
While some, as spinners, weave the long debate,
Some work prepare, some turn the wheels of State,
Thou and thy party, as a post, shall rise
To bear one side the axle as it flies,
And teach the ruin'd government to feel
That rotten rests may topple down a wheel.
Or else, a spoke, thro' the wide circle range,
And be on either side, as matters change.
But not for thee the lyre alone is strung;
Some worthy faces still remain unsung,
Whom much I'm griev'd to slight, constrain'd, alas!
To give them just a friendly nod, and pass. (4)

See Stripe, who loves the truant troop to flog,
A *striking portrait* of a Pedagogue;
Him, do the fates a lasting name decree,
No cunning man, no necromancer he,
And false it is, what wicked wits declare,
The D——l help'd to *cast* his *figure* there.

Next Gobbo Finis, on the left appears,
Frowns on the Group, and shakes his ass's ears;
Whose temper, if aright his face I spell,
Is harsh, discordant, and untunable.

Gudgeon, accept the comfort I impart
To cheer thy drooping frame, for tho' thou art
Mute as Mack'rel, as a Flounder flat,
I like thee, Gudgeon, ne'er the less for that:
Yet small this consolation; well I wot
Thou'rt a Fish out of water, art thou not?

Now Twist and Gluepot figure in the rear,
No jot less noble than their Colleagues are;
Like them they envy Virtue's modest crown,
And join the cry to hunt all order down.

When Britain, smarting for an Infant lost,
Pour'd War's black tempest round our trembling coast,
Deep and more deep the gath'ring vapours croud,
And Death's red standard glitter'd in the cloud.
Forthwith, behold! the Jacobinic crew,
Appall'd, to lurking holes of safety flew,
While burst the din of battle on their ear,
And in their coward caverns slunk for fear.
The brave did then in many a phalanx join,
And Justice gave new vigor to the line;
Then did our chieftain wave his warriour arm,
"Ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm,"
Thro' many a sleepless night and labour'd day
Bring Glory, Happiness, and Peace away;
While Sister Virtues fair, from every shore,
Emboss'd the tributary wreath he wore,
And Heav'n his soul approving, stoop'd to hear
The voice of Conscience sing so sweetly there.

But danger past, the aggravated roar,
Of hurtling War, and Carnage, heard no more,
Why they could steal, in safety from their den,
And bid each dastard hair lie smooth again;
View his meridian beam with flutt'ring gaze,
Or shut their orbs of darkness on the blaze.
Could, ever anxious for the spoils of strife,
Blaspheme their country's dearest name, and life:
Wing the black shaft, protrude their blades of lath,
And spit their froth, and venom round his path.
Thrice brilliant souls, to you each Gnome shall raise
The shout of triumph, and the song of praise,

And every urchin of the dark abode
Shall scatter wrecks of havock in your road.

THE hour is hastening, when on equal feet
Exalted Virtue, and low Vice shall meet;
When Envy, Faction, Indolence shall rage,
In one wild tempest, thro' the troubled age:
Then human dignity shall meet its doom.
Devotion perish, Reason, Worth, a tomb,
In the rude wastes of Ignorance, shall find,
And true Equality shall bless mankind.
So when the Kamsin of the Desert flies
'Twixt ardent sands, and summer kindled skies,
The gasping trav'ler meets the arid death,
And, prostrate in the dust, resigns his breath.
Then shall no pedant Priest, with learned pride,
Point out the sacred volume for our guide;
No more the civil law, or moral page,
The arm shall fetter, or the soul encage;
But pile on pile the File of Arts shall raise,
And all the knowledge of all ages blaze.
As when the Gothic conflagration hurl'd,
Its smoky volumes round the sleeping world:
The Fiend of Ruin, with demoniac yell,
Flits round the flame, directs the work of Hell,
With sheets of sulphur wings the driving gale,
And shakes destruction from his dragon tail.
Yet, not as then: the once extinguish'd ray
Shall ne'er resuscitate another day;
Here, Science, thy last stage of being lies!
No other Phœnix, from thy dust, shall rise;
And no sad vestige shall remain to tell,
The temple's basis, where thou lov'dst to dwell.

RHAPSODY ON

THE TIMES.

Rhapsody

ON

THE TIMES.

LO! in these most accomplish'd times,
How impudence can varnish crimes,
And prove, by syllogistic rule
That turpitude is virtue's tool!
The Devil, prank'd in holy guise,
A cherub is to vulgar eyes;
And fortune-hunting folk agree
That lawless rage is liberty.
Thus oft they cause a compromise
'Twixt wrangling contrarieties;
Or, in the topsy turvy cause,
Invert both offices and laws:
As Irish logic never fails
To geer draught-horses by their tails.
Hence bold reformers make appear
That *Prudence* is a name for *Fear*;
That *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*, and *Treason*,
Do constitute the *Age of Reason*;
That gentle love is deadly spite;
That right is wrong, and wrong is right;
And clear, beyond belief of some,
That civil war is peace at home.
Hence, in this period of reform,
They woo the Goddess in a storm;

Or, bless'd with paper-spoiling skill,
Transfuse their madness thro' a quill;
Secure of coming in for shares,
Set other people by the ears;
And make, of unsuspecting elves,
A pussey's paw to serve themselves.
'Tis they who strive to patch and press
Democracy in freedom's dress.
To lead the multitude astray
They clothe her out in colours gay.
What wore a Gorgon face before,
With liberty they lacker o'er.
To Athens swiftly they repair
To cull for her a laurel there,
And pass her on the giddy throng,
For a fresh beauty fair and young.
But lo! beneath her placid mien
The fiend licentiousness is seen:
See frantic horror at her side,
Her hands with guiltless blood bedy'd
And, ill conceal'd by sophist art,
See all the Devil in her heart;
Then, gentle people all beware,
And ever shun her deadly snare.
Let not the painted lure deceive,
'Twill turn your brightest morn to eve.
Death lurks beneath her Circéan charms,
Take not the harlot to your arms,
For should her cup his lips pollute
The noblest man becomes a brute.

But you who still with faith run o'er,
And are too lazy to explore;
Who hold that caution is a jest
Where things are with appearance blest:

With some content, and little pain,
Instruction from a Tale may gain.

An hungry Frenchman, starv'd and lank,
To try a sansculottish prank,
Of filthy mud and God knows what,
With Honey gilded o'er a pot;
And, sprightly thro' the gaping throng,
With pot and pottage skip'd along,
Bawling for life, at every leap,
Excellent Dirtée! vera cheap!
The people gather'd round Monsieur,
In haste to view his wond'rous ware;
When one, more bold, the rest among,
Convey'd a sample to his tongue:
And, calling Monsieur Fourbe a sot,
Swore it was honey in the pot.
Ma foi, quoth he, de name be all,
I cannot tell vat you may call.
Me call it Dirtée, sair with you—
It shall be honey, s'il plait vous.
The man resolv'd with no more fuss,
To back his judgment with his purse;
The price demanded, tip'd the pay,
And proudly lug'd the goods away.
But who can paint the Dupe's surprise
With mouth a-gape, and saucer eyes,
When, dipping for a second taste
He found he'd bargain'd in a haste;
And thence discover'd, luckless wight,
'Twas little better than a bite.
Le Fourbe, again, one day he met
And thus the artful rogue beset:
No doubt, to you, the sport is brave,
You lean, soup meagre, juggling knave,

That I contribute, not a little,
To find your frogship's paunch in vittle.
But know that I, with other folks,
Don't altogether like your jokes,
And will not, kindly, understand
Your honey mong'ring slight of hand.
'Twould be to act a proper part
Will pay you soundly for your art,
And drub some penitential tones,
You lying rascal, from your bones,
For off'ring in the open street,
Your filthy trash for honey sweet.
PARDONNEZ MOI, quoth he, 'tis you
A qui dat complement est due,
Who swore, before, you pay de money,
Dat Dirtée be de French for honey:
Dirtée me call, Dirtée it be,
Who tell de lie sir, you or me?

THUS will you find, in every state,
Experience teaches wit too late;
And, if you heed th' insidious crew,
I'th' end they'll turn the laugh on you.
But, in the end, you'll also find
The Devil pays his friends in kind;
As I shall give you proof enough in
The hist'ry of a raggamuffin.

THO' 'tis allow'd that France the most
Dæmons superlative can boast;
Yet Ireland makes, of such-like ware,
For Lucifer an ample share.
I therefore, from *Shelalah* Land,
The *Knave* of *clubs* will take in hand;

A mask, to *shuffling* rogues, of use,
Who, nothing staking, *play the deuce*:
Will shew how, being in the dumps,
He *put his partners to their trumps*;
And ere the *tricks* o'the game were done,
How he was forc'd *to cut and run*.

WHETHER he drew his bogster blood,
Like Memphian Monster, from the mud;
Or was from vagrant meteor shotten;
Or on a cloud was storm-begotten;
Was ne'er promulg'd nor would't I trow,
Much edify the World to know.
Yet did he live; but in what year?
No matter, so the rest is clear.

HE was a man, on truth 'tis founded,
Of every evil thing compounded.
His brain, an emblem of foul weather,
Where jarring atoms fight together,
Was copied in the smallest print:
His mental optics look'd asquint,
And, to the fashion of his eye,
His thoughts were coupled so awry,
That oft his words, a motley crew,
Most whimsically squinted too.
A beast he was of such a grain
No switch could move, nor bit restrain,
In legal sense; but in a fray,
If cudgel'd well he ran away.
Laws he view'd as things that were meant
As certain bars to his preferment;
For 'twas his fortune still to stray,
And keep the interdicted way.
Thus, if a wish to pilfer rose,
Justice good wench, would interpose,

By twiching him beneath the ear,
As who should say, beware! beware!
Whene'er he sought a fresh supply,
She like a halter rattled by;
And oft', when Paddy would proceed,
She cuff'd him soundly for the deed.
The Constitution too he saw
Was Parent of the smallest law;
Which guarded her, from head to heel,
Like Wantley's Knight, with pikes of steel;
And made our hero own, by Styx,
'Twas hard to kick against the pricks.
Thence was it that he daily sent
His curses forth on Parliament;
And, from his soul abominated
The king, and all to him related.

THE inward man, one might discern,
Was Prototype to the extern,
Which take it altogether, could
Not boast two members of a mould.
Thus edified, and thus endow'd,
Our brave Turf-cutter took the road,
To where a dark cabal resorted,
And thus the yelping pack exhorted;
In language learn'd from uncouth pratings
At Boxing matches, and Bear-baitings.

" OGH honee! jewels are you there then,
" And after tauking off you borthen,
" If I dont len a han at that
" The D—l may run away wid Pat.
" What, shall the dogs our tricks prevent,
" And bridle us wi' government.

" Den every Irish Sansculotte
" May get de haltar round his troat;
" And after being saddled too
" Be rode to death without a shoe.
" The Sansculottes at th' head of things,
" Live just, my dears like Lords and Kings;
" While, for de welfare of de nation,
" Poor folk must undergo starvation;
" And I, for this confounded law,
" Can ne'er accomodate my maw;
" Widout I live on stick and stone,
" Or to my fingers work de bone.
" Sure God sent all things here in common,
" Nor made a deed, to man nor woman,
" Of copy hold or simple fee,
" By right of which to jockey me.
" Adam 'tis true, with his heirs male
" Of Paradise was seiz'd in tail;
" But when h' unwisely sought an heir,
" Was driven, in a trice from dere.
" Snug, wid his coushins all alone,
" De Bear, in safety gnaws his bone;
" While we, as hungry every straw,
" Poor Democrats, get none to gnaw.
" Our hungry brod'ren in de West
" In troth have lately had one drest;
" A present from Dan Porcupine,
" Where every moder's son may dine:
" With which dey may, as children do,
" Bote eat their cake, and have it too!
" Or like the Scandinavian Boar,
" Of Odin's Hall in days of yore:
" Who gorg'd by Ghosts from tail to chin,
" At dinner time was dere agin.

" B' your leave," exclaim'd another wight,
" I'll set my brother paddy right;
" It was no bone upon my word,
" For when they met with one accord
" To pick a bit, and wet their whistle,
" Lo! in their chaps, they mouth'd a thistle;
" And den were told, as the story passes,
" That thistle is the food for asses.
" Well, well! quoth Pat, the time may come
" When things shall shaft dere feet at home;
" When we, dat harnt a wholesome rag on,
" May drive the governmental waggon:
" For by my shoul, when once we rise,
" We'll take de Kingdom by surprise.
" Seize all the Garters, Stars and Strings,
" And all my coushins shall be kings,
" Arragh, honeys, why not now proceed,
" We're all united, sure, indeed!
" Then let's wid bludgeons, spades and axes,
" Go make reprisal of de taxes;
" And if de dogs refuse to gi'em,
" By Jases, cross a cudgel wi'em."

He said: the kindling faction ran
From brain to brain, from man to man;
And, hey-go-mad! like fleas they fly on,
With open mouths, to eat the Lion.
In quest of Parliament, the rogues,
With hoofs well fortified with brogues,
And tongues wi' the same as roughly shod,
Away, in a hurly-burly, trod.
The People they had heard declare
The burthen was too much to bear;
So as they trudg'd along the road,
Humanely eas'd them of their load.

But Paddy and his brother quacks,
To a worse burthen brought their backs:
To stripes, of various sorts and sizes,
Fit med'cine for such enterprizes
That might, on Paddy's constitution,
Provoke reform or dissolution.
Now having curs'd his foil'd assurance
While penance doing, months in durance,
Our restless knave found means to doff
His gentle gyves and scamper off.
But this he deem'd a certain rule,
That Government would kick a fool;
That all seditious clubs must fail
Against her mob repelling mail;
And that their whisky-bred attacks
Recoil'd with int'rest on their backs.
He therefore quickly cast about,
To smell some safer project out.

From many a grove and rosy vale,
America perfum'd the gale;
But also, from her nestled foes,
The fœtid breath of Faction rose,
And wafted bliss to Paddy's nose.
'Twas then his hopes were all alive
A more successful trade to drive;
The Government to draw and quarter
'Mong folks on t' other side the water.

Then view our bog bred cub on board,
The sails expand, the Ship unmoor'd,
And ev'ry loyal breeze at play
To puff the monster far away.

Now here, now there, aloft, below,
Would Paddy, with his comrades, go;
And would to gain a Sailor's ear,
Without a murmur, reef and steer,
All this to animate his wishes
About the land of loaves and fishes.
Would he perform, while they regale
His ears with many a golden tale:
That schemes were forming, with ablution,
To wash away our Constitution;
And try, for ills they say she hath,
Virginia chalybeate bath;
And if she there should make a leg,
To take the Godddess down a peg.
As rusty pipe of Indian Squaw
The candle flame delights to draw,
And proudly swells to take with joy,
What must in time it's life destroy;
So Paddy suck'd, with joyous grin,
Their monstrous tales, and humbugs in;
And was inflated with the joke,
(As little sparks may make a smoke,
When 'mid a heap of chaff they're cast)
That Paddy must consume at last.
Great plans, from forth his brain asleep,
Would rise like dæmons from the deep:
To pluck the pidgeons in the West
And feather for himself a nest;
The fed'ral prop of state to level,
To drive our Eagle to the Devil;
And to reform the Legislature,
And bad œconomy of nature.
These and a thousand pretty schemes
Ran nightly thro' his drunken dreams:

But, when awake, he swore 'twas strange
The moon should have the face to change ;
That ev'ry brook and little drain
Should bear its tribute to the Main,
Superflu ously bestowing more,
On that which had too much before ;
And that it was a burning shame
The day and night were not the same.
He would, to mend Miss Luna's case,
Spread glowing blushes in her face ;
Each nameless rill, or flood of fame,
He'd drive to th' place from whence it came :
And, if the blessed sun so bright,
Was not more equal in his light,
He'd rend away his flaming robe,
And scatter it around the Globe,
Thus as, sublim'd, his transport went
E'en to the acme of content,
Mad Pat, to pad the hoof once more,
Of freedom landed on the shore.
But folly, wheresoe'er inclin'd,
Bears her sharp recompense behind ;
As oft' our meddling thing of mire,
Experienc'd to his heart's desire.

Of markets and their gains to prattle
Of fruit, of poultry, corn, and cattle,
Some Farmers on the wharf together
Had met, when Paddy blunder'd thither.
These to encounter, beard to beard,
Nor time nor impudence he spar'd ;
But whisper'd that to shew them play
He came from Ireland all the way.
With thread-bare saws, and oath's unmatch'd,
His stupid gab was all o'er patch'd.

To cry the British Min'stry down,
He thought it stood him much upon;
For which his tainted brain was stor'd
With many a senseless magpie word:
And, storming on, with might and main,
He rail'd, took breath, and rail'd again.
Thus it is that patriots prate,
In noise and nonsense only great,
Of politics; when in their gears
They'd mount, ye Gods, beyond the spheres.
Without reflecting, by the bye,
An Ass must get him wings to fly.
Says one of these "the effect I see,
"What then is principle to me;
"This watch instructs me o'er and o'er;
"I view her face, and ask no more."
That watch, however you came by't,
Much like your head, is seldom right:
Yet let some skilful artist well
Adjust the motive principle,
The cause correct, I'm bold to say
The face will lead you not astray.
But is the time piece, e'er so true,
It sill must change to pleasure you;
Or wrong, or right, or fast, or slow,
Just as your veering passions go;
Which, as the weather is inclin'd,
Are blown ahead, or left behind.
What can your monkey meddling mean,
'Tis you who spoil the whole machine:
Your thumbs without, by frequent change
In every part the works derange;
And that which merit did enhance
You ruin by your ignorance,

If right by you it must be made,
'Twere prudent first to learn the trade;
And ere you censure or repair,
Gain some slight knowledge of th' affair.

BUT to resume the thread, again,
Of th' argument; where now amain
See cit'zen Pat, and farmer John,
In altercation pro and con.
To every province Paddy ventur'd,
And church or state at random censur'd.
Religion he could never find
In cut or cloth to suit his mind;
For why? he saw her angel breath,
To his dark politics was death.
Therefore he held himself in trim
To curse that faith which curses him.
Quoth he, "To the priests were bound to give,
"Just to get dying while we live;
"And when we die, oh honee, so clever,
"We den begin to live forever.
"But ogh! de teefs don't know we'll have
"But meagre living in de grave;
"Widout one offal beggar's bone
"For poor Pilgarlic but his own.
"Long life to maestress France so civil,
"Dat cries hands off to God and Devil;
"But dat's all one, mere puppy's play,
"De Devil knows his own dey say."
Quoth John, "Your latter words are true,
"And may as safe be said of you;
"Who have so long, with France, by Heaven,
"To Satan's buffetings, been given;
"*But still to bind your shackles faster,*
"*You've made a Treaty with your master;*

" For every novice understands
" You play into each other's hands;
" Exchange a monkey for a Devil,
" To give and take is counted civil.
" Thus comes it that in France are found
" So many devils above ground;
" And, if your brethren people hell,
" Sir Paddy Whack, you best can tell.
Quoth he, " I'll prove it on your creed
" The French are very good indeed.
" To hold dere own, de saints declare,
" 'Gainst sinful flesh, a holy war;
" How pious den are Frenchmen, sith
" They've almost none to quarrel with.
Quoth he, " to settle that account,
" The mind and flesh are tantamount;
" If you'd a friend, God mend the few,
" To pay a compliment to you,
" He might aver, what all confess,
" The great arch-devil lies in dress;
" And that your rogueship must be sainted,
" Who're not with dressing much acquainted;
" Whose back can scarcely boast a coat;
" You mungrel, bog-brain'd sansculotte.
" What nether wind, or hide-bound weather,
" Was't blow'd your rotten carcase hither?
" Was't here to lime your twigs for game,
" Or to illumine us you came?
" If one, you may yourself be caught,
" If t'other, you must first be taught:
" We here no lightning-bugs require
" *To set your* cousin's brains on fire.
" *Bringing your* toadspawn precepts over,
" *I think will gain* your credit no where;
" *Our Eagle, Sir,* disdains to gather
" *His notes* from birds of such a feather.

" St. Patrick thought it meritorious
" O'er rascal frogs to be victorious;
" But you would joyfully advance
" To welcome shoals of them from **France.**
" Then since you hold it little sin,
" To barter Cross for Guillotin,
" I hope your faith to kingdom come
" Will lead by th' way of Martyrdom.

THIS said, it caus'd a cloud to rise.
Of Passion o'er his faculties;
Which soon was decompos'd again,
In ligh'ning, thunder, and in rain;
In light'ning from his eyes; and both
In froth and thunder from his mouth.

QUOTH Pat " d'ye know what brought me here?"
A ship and lack o' provender.
" Why friends are left, and home forsaken?"—
To get your bread. and save your bacon.
" No fet! it wa'nt to stand your but,
" I rode so many miles afoot;
" But just to take de flowing reign
" In hand myself and live and reign
" With 'e sov'reign people, who, 'twas said,
" Had, every man, a crown on's head.
" I tought dat here each chimney devil
" Wid british lords was on a level;
" And dat b' a living here, was meant
" The same as seat in Parliament.
" But by my soul de case is plain;
" Ye are all aristocrats in grain;
" Who will not join we Citizen Bones
" To beat de monarchs off dere trones,

" Therefore I dub you great and small,
" And part my curse among ye all.
" Quoth John, " That is conceding more
" By half that we were stickling for;
" A circumstance, that could not miss you,
" And brings the contest to an issue.
" Dont be alarm'd, pray no demur,
" You must excuse my freedom sir,
" My fingers must your throttle greet;
" Nay, by my shoul, there's no retreat.
" What, mangy cur, is't me you snarl at?
" You spunging, function-lacking varlet,
" This only, saves your forfeit ears,
" That fools are licens'd slanderers;
" But, since on foot you cross'd the main,
" Good paddy foot it back again."
He said; and in the ebbing tide
The wight he plung'd, who sinking cri'd
" Oh! Jesus—oh!—thy help I crave—
" A sinner res———cue from the wave,
He would have said;—but half the pray'r
In bubbles floated here and there.

DEAR Spirit of our happy Clime,
With star deck'd Tiar', and port sublime,
Who hear'st the savage yell of war,
And giv'st to pity many a tear;
Canst thou believe, oh! Goddess blest!
Such Styg'an fiends thy realm infest.
Yes, such against thy ray serene
Do darkling howl with wolfish spleen;
And wish to see thee crucified,
Thy seamless garments to divide.

CAN he who 'gainst his parent rais'd
His impious arm, by us be prais'd?
No; rather, each Columbian breast
The vagrant caitiff will detest.
Can he who made the law his foe
At home, with us be faithful? No:
The dog that bit his Master there
Walks in a longer tether here.
Then, mid a thousand, is there one
That would not act like honest John?

"WHAT! Paddy, almost gone no doubt!
"Poor flound'ring wretch, I'll help thee out;
"Bad as thou art from crotch to crown,
"God knows, I would not let thee drown."

NOW, dripping thro' the shouting throng,
He wash'd and scour'd the streets along;
And, like Olympia in a gale,
Ran with a rainbow at his tail.

THE storm he 'scap'd, but not t' his mind,
For hope her anchor left behind;
And Paddy 'scap'd the wat'ry grave
To prove himself the viler knave.
For lo! beyond the stretch of thought,
No change in him the plunging wrought;
For now, behold, in ev'ry vein,
His temper breaking out again,
Burning t'encounter, line to line,
The keen, bright, Quills of Porcupine.
So wretched wight, to quench his skin,
With bathing drives the pimples in,
But finds, at length, the Proverb clear,
That evil humours will appear.

In ambush couch'd he held the odds,
And plied his foe with missile clods,
Which daub'd, they so at random flew,
But every one, the Lord knows who.
At length he fancied Peter's eye
Mark'd his retreat, and strove to fly;
When policy, or what you please
Brought Paddy Whack upon his knees.
With lifted hands, and down cast eyes,
Have mercy! on poor Pat, he cries.
There let him tremble abject curl
The scorn of every passenger;
While we the form of peace survey,
And tune to her our parting lay.

In Vernon's Groves whose shade unites
The active joys, and calm delights,
The victor's wreath, and civic crown,
Content, Love, Friendship, and Renown;
Where endless smiles Potomac wears,
The halcyon PEACE her nest prepares.
The Patriot Chief who there resides,
As down the stream of life he glides,
She hovers o'er, and soothes his ears
With music of the heavenly spheres.
When late she heard the distant cry
Of war and spread her wings to fly,
'Twas he who charm'd her fears to rest,
And sooth'd her on his parent breast.
Yes, Peace, 'twas he who kindly strove
To wed thee to our Eagle's love.
Then still with all thy bashful train
Of golden blessings, haunt the plain:
Bid Beauty loose her musky hair,
Bid Pleasure wreath'd in smiles be there;

The muses sport thy beams among,
And jocund plenty laugh along,
While safely, in thy olive shade,
At ease her careless limbs are laid.

Bless'd Saint at thy enlivening word
The voice of gladness shall be heard;
And all our joyous vales along,
How charming sweet, thy Turtles' Song:
Till war, amidst his wild career,
Suspend his whirlwind rage to hear,
And every weary realm rejoice
To echo back thy angel voice.
And thou, "immortal freedom's sire."
Whom all revere, esteem, admire;
With all that gratitude can give,
Forever in our breasts shalt live.

If, like the Theban chief condemn'd
For standing forth thy country's friend,
Reflect 'tis by the breath of those
Who rank among thy country's foes:
Whose dark cabals and factious cry,
Would raise the civil tempest high,
That they, amid th' ensanguin'd broil,
Secure might fatten on the spoil;
Like famish'd Vultures on the shore,
With joy survey the laboring oar,
The perish'd wretch on land that's cast,
And scream, and feed amid the blast.

Lives there a man who, of thy toil,
Enjoys the corn, the wine, the oil,
Whose serpent tongue would streak with blame
The virgin whiteness of thy name;

May heaven's command the tiger fair
To some bleak, blasted island bear,
Whose leafless spray no shade provides
For houseless heads and unfed sides.
There may he press the dreary mould,
Within all comfortless and cold;
In horror fix his haggard eye
On the pale Moon, and winter sky;
And, hated by the Good and Just,
In moody madness sink to dust.

The Flatterers' labours I contemn,
I leave the venal song to them;
But honestly command I will
And love the praise of virtue still.
I'll say thy name, where'er it goes,
Exalted sage no rival knows,
And that thy services demand
The homage of a grateful land.

If, worn with toil, with care oppress'd,
Thou seek'st for solitude and rest;
The deep'ning shade, sequester'd cell,
The hill, the plain, the musing dell,
And rosy blush of flowrets sweet,
Shall bless thy last, thy lov'd retreat.
Thy gentle ear at least shall there
No rude and thankless scoffings hear;
No; nor the rill that rippling flows,
Shall murmur at thy calm repose;
But still at ease may'st thou recline
Beneath thy own o'ermantling vine,
And as thy years and fame increase,
Be shadow'd with the wings of Peace.

EPISTLE,

TO W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF MR. COBBETT, AND PREFIXED TO HIS EDITION OF THAT GENTLEMAN'S ELEGANT POEM,

" THE BAVIAD & MÆVIAD."

TO

W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

IN these cold shades, beneath these shifting skies,
Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius dies;
Where few and feeble are the Muse's strains,
And no fine frenzy riots in the veins,
There still are found a few to whom belong
The fire of virtue and the soul of song;
Whose kindling ardour still can wake the strings
When learning triumphs, and when Gifford sings.
To thee the lowliest Bard his tribute pays,
His little wild-flower to thy wreath conveys;
Pleas'd, if permitted round thy name to bloom,
To boast one effort rescued from the tomb.

WHILE this delirious Age enchanted seems
With hectic Fancy desultory dreams;
While wearing fast away is every trace
Of Grecian Vigour, and of Roman Grace,
With fond delight, we yet one Bard behold,
As Horace polish'd, and as Persius bold,

Reclaim the Art, assert the Muse divine,
And drive obtrusive Dulness from the shrine.
Since that great day which saw the Tablet rise,
A thinking block, and whisper to the eyes,
No time has been that touch'd the Muse so near,
No Age when Learning had so much to fear,
As now, *when love-lorn ladies light verse frame.*
And every Rebus-weaver talks of Fame.

When Truth in classic majesty appear'd,
And Greece, on high, the Dome of Science rear'd,
Patience and Perseverance, Care and Pain
Alone the steep, the rough ascent could gain:
None but the Great the sun-clad summit sound;
The weak were baffled, and the strong were crown'd.
The tardy Transcript's high-wrought Page confin'd
To one pursuit the undivided mind.
No Venal critic fatten'd on the Trade,
Books for delight, and not for sale were made;
Then shone, superior, in the realms of thought,
The Chief who govern'd, and the Sage who taught
The Drama then with deathless bays was wreath'd,
The Statue quicken'd, and the Canvass breath'd.
The Poet, then, with unresisted art,
Sway'd every impulse of the captive heart.
Touch'd with a beam of Heaven's creative Mind,
His spirit kindled, and his taste refin'd;
Incessant toil inform'd his rising youth;
Thought grew to thought, and truth attracted truth,
Till, all complete, his perfect soul display'd
Some bloom of Genius which could never fade.
So the sage Oak, to Nature's mandate true,
Advanc'd but slow, and strengthen'd as it grew!

But when at length, (full many a season o'er,)
Its virile head, in pride, aloft it bore;
When stedfast were its roots, and sound its heart,
It bade defiance to the insect's art,
And, Storm and Time resisting, still remains
The never dying glory of the plains.

THEN, if some thoughtless Bavius dared appear,
Short was his date, and limited his sphere;
He could but please the changeling mob a day,
Then, like his noxious labours, pass away:
So, near a Forest tall, some worthless flower
Enjoys the triumph of its gaudy hour,
Scatters its little poison thro' the skies,
Then droops its empty, hated head, and dies.

STILL, as from famed Ilyssus' classic shore,
To Mincius' Banks, the Muse her Laurel bore,
The sacred Plant to hands divine was given,
And deathless Maro nursed the boon of Heaven.
Exalted Bard! to hear thy gentler voice,
The Vallies listen, and their Swains rejoice;
But when, on some wild Mountain's awful form,
We hear thy Spirit chaunting to the storm,
Of Battling Chiefs, and Armies laid in gore,
We rage, we sigh, we wonder and adore.
Thus Rome, with Greece, in rival splendour shone,
But claim'd immortal satire for her own;
While Horace, pierced, full oft, the wanton breast
With sportive censure, and resistless jest;
And that Etrurian, whose indignant lay
Thy kindred Genius can so well display,
With many a well aim'd thought, and pointed line,
Drove the bold villain from his black design.

For, as those mighty Masters of the Lyre,
With temper'd dignity, or quenchless Ire,
Through all the various Paths of Science trod,
Their School was NATURE and their Teacher GOD.
Nor did the Muse decline till, o'er her head,
The savage Tempest of the North was spread;
Till arm'd with desolation's bolt it came,
And wrapp'd her Temple in funereal flame.

BUT soon the Arts, once more, a dawn diffuse,
And Dante hail'd it with his morning Muse;
Petrarch and Boccace join'd the choral lay,
And Arno glisten'd with returning day.
Thus Science rose; and, all her troubles pass'd,
She hoped a steady, tranquil reign at last;
But Faustus came: (indulge the painful thought,)
Were not his countless volumes dearly bought?
For, while to every clime and class they flew,
Their worth diminish'd and their numbers grew.
Some Pressman, rich in Homer's glowing Page,
Could give ten Epicks to one wondering Age;
A single thought supplied the great design,
And clouds of Iliads spread from every line.
Nor Homer's glowing page, nor Virgil's fire,
Could one lone breast, with equal flame, inspire,
But lost in Books, irregular and wild,
Then Poet wonder'd, and the Critic smil'd:
The friendly smile, a bulkier Work repays;
For Fools will print, while greater fools will praise.

TOUCH'D with the mania, now, what Millions rage
To shine the laureat blockheads of the age.
The dire contagion creeps thro' every grade,
Girls, Coxcombs, Peers, and Patriots drive the trade!

And e'en the Hind, his fruitful fields forgot,
For Rhyme and Misery leaves his Wife and Cot.
Ere, to his breast, the watchful mischief spread,
Content and Plenty cheer'd his little shed;
And, while no thoughts of State perplex'd his mind,
His Harvests ripening, and Pastora kind,
He laugh'd at toil, with health and vigour bless'd;
For days of labour brought their nights of rest:
But now in rags, ambitious for a name,
The fool of Faction, and the dupe of fame,
His Conscience haunts him with his guilty life,
His starving Children, and his ruin'd Wife.
Thus swarming Wits, of all materials made,
Their Gothic hands on social quiet laid,
And, as they rave, unmindful of the storm,
Call Lust Refinement, Anarchy Reform.

No Love to foster, no dear Friend to wrong,
Wild as the mountain flood, they drive along:
And sweep, remorseless, every social bloom
To the dark level of an endless tomb.

. . . . . .

By arms assail'd, we still can arms oppose,
And rescue Learning from her brutal foes;
But when those foes to friendship make pretence,
And tempt the judgment with the baits of sense,
Carouse with Passion, laugh at God's controul,
And sack the little empire of the Soul,
What warning voice can save? Alas! 'tis o'er
The Age of Virtue will return no more;
The doating World, its manly vigour flown,
Wanders in mind, and dreams on folly's throne.
Come then, sweet Bard, again the cause defend,
Be still the Muses' and Religion's Friend;

Again the banner of thy wrath display,
And save the world from *Darwin's* tinsel lay.
A soul like thine no listless pause should know;
Truth bids thee strike, and Virtue guides the blow.
From every conquest still more dreadful come,
'Till Dulness fly, and Folly's self be dumb.

Philadelphia,
19*th May*, 1790.

THE

CHIMERIAD.

CHIMERIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Chimeria, the terra incognita of modern Philosophy---invocation---locality of Chimeria---description---her discoverers----Philosopher's opinions----Jacobins----Sansculottes----of Christian Philosophers---her realization in France---Friends in America----Jefferson---Giles----Gallatin----Nicholas---Livingston---exhortation to Adventurers---Conclusion.

THE Patriot's meed, the modern Sage's theme
The madman's kingdom and the Poet's dream:
The Statesman's Thesis, ere he learns to know
Those tempting Treasures in her mines that glow;
Folly's dear creed receiv'd at second hand,
Of every factious Knave the promis'd land;
The Peasant's wonder, irreligion's prize,
Curse of the Good, and terror of the Wise,
I sing: come Satire all thy weapons bring,
Thy awful eye, thy guilt annoying sting,
Nor leave behind, sweet Nymph! the smile severe
That sets in blushes the repentant tear,

Teach me while thro' the varying task I go,
To urge with energy thy fiercest blow,
And oft when lighter ridicule may please
Oh teach me, Nymph, to loll and laugh with ease.

RENOWN'D Chimeria! who shall dare invade
The deep arcana of thy mystic shade,
Who shall explain where all thy wonders lie,
In what fair clime, beneath what *peaceful* sky?
Bright world in prospect! like the watery toy,
A breath may make thee, and a breath destroy,
Who must, if e'er thy beauties flourish here
Live, like the splendid bow upon a tear.
From realm to realm thy far fam'd glories fly,
Unnumber'd volumes pall the sated eye;
Sick of thy praise, the long disgusted ear
Loaths the street ditties of thy friends to hear.
Seductive Songs! thy blisful plains recede,
At our approach, and mock our utmost speed.
The spot to find in vain thro' earth we go,
Where thy fruits ripen, and thy flow'rets blow.
Tho' clad in robes of joy, in smiles array'd;
Tho' still the fairest of the fair thou'rt made,
The seat of love, of liberty and rest,
Where Passion slumbers in her harpy nest;
Tho' oft 'tis said, with thee contentions cease,
Thy ways are pleasant, and thy paths are peace;
Yet shall the muse, indignantly severe,
Arrest the progress of thy curst career;
Expose thy secret soul, thy arts deride,
And strip thy name of all its harlot pride.
Yes, with a voice that shall be heard, she'll make
Thy baseless fabric to its centre shake;
She'll bid the world, the slumbering world beware
Thy tempting shades, for ruin loiters there;

There Faction howls, there Rapine rears his head,
Prostrates the fane, and violates the dead,
Lust gloats on lust, want mourns her wasted store,
And feverish Murder slakes his thirst in gore.

How long permitted, will the insatiate foe
Of human quiet, triumph here below?
In reason rich, with generous feeling fraught
Prone to delight in mutual change of thought;
Indu'd with all the social laws which bind
The deed of kindness to the grateful mind,
Born with a pulse to love's sweet tale sincere,
A heart for friendship and for grief a tear;
Man, wretched man, with every hope serene,
Looks round to smile, and sickens at the scene.
Lo! hate, ambition, envy, pride, and rage,
Eternal war with tranquil order wage,
Hell mix'd her poison in the draught of life,
A torch gave discord, and revenge a knife,
Destroy'd deliberation's just controul
And drove the passions on the abject soul.
Yet would the Bark of Order ride secure,
The rude surge breast, and ev'ry storm indure;
If hateful vice, in native colours seen,
Assum'd not wisdom's voice and virtue's mien;
But dress'd in light with truth's resplendent wings,
On halcyon seas the Syren sits and sings,
Points to Chymeria's flo'wry shores that rise,
In the mild radiance of Utopian skies,
Displays a chart her victim's course to guide,
And winks at ambush'd death beneath the tide.
Who but the muse of all her wiles aware,
So well can hold them forth, so well prepare
The honest mind her coaxing leer to meet?
Her aim to baffle and her end defeat?

She, lovely nymph! of man the constant friend,
Delights to please him and delights to mend.

In times of old, ere yet the sacred page,
Display'd its treasures to a graceless age,
When from his Fields and flocks first urg'd to roam,
Man found in crouded towns a restless home;
The witch Chymeria into being came,
Her sire Ambition, Discontent her dam,
Exulting passions hail'd the monstrous birth,
And choral demons stalk'd the frighted earth,
Mysterious, wild, aspirant, fierce and bold,
No Art could tame her, and no mandate hold.
Change was her dear delight; her eye of fire,
Forever burnt with uncontroul'd desire;
With maniac flight, through pathless Skies pursu'd,
Some vision painted on the filmy scud.
The heavenly impulse which decreed the Fane
Of Social compact to protect the Plain;
Its various grades from Capital to Base,
Which give the Building all its strength and grace;
Content and comfort shelter'd by its Shade,
From the proud Palace to the Cot display'd,
Obtain'd not her regard, her roving mind,
Left meek Content, and Order far behind.
Too light to study, and too dull to scan,
The temper, state and faculties of man;
Full of herself she soar'd aloft to prove,
The joys which float in endless change above;
And saw obedient to her mad command,
Incongruous nothings into chaos plann'd.
She saw her Empire form'd, and day by day,
Saw systems spring to light and pass away;
Saw Idiots dazzled with her tinsel zone,
And Genius sometimes sporting round her throne;

There Plato walk'd his academic round,
And there his shadowy Prototypes were found;
His spectre cave he pompously display'd,
Talk'd of a world, of endless essence made,
Pour'd forth of eloquence, an airy storm,
And lick'd his cub Republic into form.
There too the Stagyrite, with plastic hand,
Fill'd with new shapes her metaphysic land,
And the proud Stoic sought her dœdal train,
To writhe in transports of delicious pain,
While Epicurus press'd the breeze to kiss
His flow'ry visions bright with golden bliss,
And pass'd on banks of bad delight the day,
Free as the Gods, and overjoy'd as they.
Plan'd and replan'd by each succeding sage,
The riddle, pest, and pastime of the age,
The hair-suspended sword of every clime,
She puff'd the gilded bauble down thro' time,
With pomp or poverty beguiled the ken,
An Empress now, and now a Citoyenne.
But tho' unquestion'd seem'd her strong controul
Throughout the impassive idol of her soul.
Yet deep sequester'd in its inmost shades,
Where no pure ray the cheerless dusk invades;
A fearful vale begirt with rocks there lay,
Which tho' submissive still disown'd her sway;
Submissive when she sought its deadly aid,
But to her protean wand impervious made.
Fixt, and immutable, the dire abode
Of fierce oppression with his scourge and goad,
In this vast Hell, relentless fiends disport,
There hungry slaughter, holds his bloody court,
His wolf-drawn chariot madly drives along
Kindles his eye and howls his Gorgon song.
Behold yon peek! amid whose beetling ways
Laborious ants, their little hillocks raise,

Eternal clouds its daring brows embrace,
And envy's serpents writhe around its base;
There on the topmost verge, ambition stands,
Grasps at the World, and as he grasps expands;
Shoots into heaven his bold aspiring head,
And bids his bulk to other systems spread;
The heedless Phantom as he swells above,
Treads on the necks of innocence and love,
On kneeling Misery stamps the grinding chain,
While justice frowns and pity pleads in vain.

On every side the grizzly shapes appear,
Blast the scar'd eye and stun the broken ear;
Mark you pale rattling Skeleton who churns
His spumy malice and with fury burns;
His quicken'd locks around his temples crawl,
He views the visionary shroud and pall,
With clench convulsive waves around his head,
An heated daggar flush'd with sullen red,
O'er the bleak shore with furious hurry flies,
The night-bird screams, and lo! his victim dies.

There in the center of a trackless wild,
With burning blasts and putrid sloughs defil'd;
Where never cheerful sound composed the soul,
Blind faction burrows in her secret hole,
Curst is the spot, upon the famish'd ground,
No flower is seen, not one lone leaf is found,
But scragged rocks with human sculls between,
Swell the wild horrors of the bloody scene;
The wandering moon fast hurrying on her way,
Flings thro' the yelling clouds her livid ray;
And the shagg'd Wizard of the vapourish sky,
Streams his cold tresses as he shivers by;
Within his cavern'd home with gore bedy'd,
Where fevers burn, and creeping chills abide.

The boney Savage sits; her woolly hair
Curls o'er her shuddering eye; her bosom bare.
Bristly and black, bespeaks the soul within,
Crusted with crime, and foul with every sin.
The glow worm there, whose covert gleamings shun
The tell-tale splendour of the ingenuous sun,
Throws on the hag his sad and sickly glare,
And steals her carcase from the dusky air.

DESCENT

OF

TALLEYRAND

INTO HELL.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

A MANUSCRIPT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS

OF A FRENCH EMIGRANT IN LONDON,

ENTITLED

TALLEYRAND'S DESCENT

Into Hell.

"FROM THE ANCHOR CLUB."

SOME ACCOUNT, &c.

THIS work appears to have been composed at intervals of time, as an English exercise, and partakes of all the vicissitudes of temper which may be supposed to have influenced a Frenchman in his situation; exiled from his country, stripped of his property, cut off, forever perhaps, from a beloved family, and only supported under the weight of misfortune by the elasticity of a French mind. This perfect subjection of the matter and manner of the work to the disposition of the author, has produced a very extraordinary contexture, and much variety of style and entertainment; sometimes verse, sometimes prose---sometimes narrative, sometimes dialogue,---it pursues its broken course not unfrequently through meads of flowers, but oftener doubling into the wild recesses of romantic humour; now prattling with echo in Philosophy's rocky labyrinth, and then winding its plaintive current among the willows of sorrow, "telling its mournful, pitiable tale."

THE author commences his singular production with a detail of circumstances which occasioned Talleyrand's expedition. The most prominent is this: The French Directory, after having ransacked history for extravagant examples of villainy, inhumanity, cruelty and madness; after having even surpassed those models, and created others still more shocking and outrageous; discovered

that Hercules, Theseus, Ulysses, and other heroes of antiquity, while yet in their mortal bodies, had absolutely visited the shades below, and returned with whole bones and monstrous reputations to their country and their friends. An exploit, so daring and so profound, was not barely calculated to incite surprise in the Great Nation; it became the object of their indispensable and passionate emulation: it was accordingly decreed by the Directory, that this should also be added to the atchievements of Republican France. The person chosen to conduct the perilous enterprise, was Talleyrand the apostate. If the Devil had a friend on earth, whom it was his interest to keep there, it was generally believed that he was the man: there was consequently little danger of his detention in the dominions of his infernal majesty. On the part of Talleyrand, however, a considerable degree of reluctance was displayed, which, by the operation of a few talismanic words and a kind of directorial power, was confined within the chambers of his own bosom. Nothing now remained but to settle the mode of descent; no Sibyl to direct his way, no embodied Tiresias to bid him welcome. Many expedients were suggested, none of which on closer inspection were deemed practicable. They resolved at length to send for one of the German Magi, who are supposed to excel in necromancy, and to entreat his aid in the prosecution of their scheme. A description of the object in contemplation was accordingly forwarded to Weishaupt the Illuminatus, and his assistance solicited in the most persuasive terms. Weishaupt yielded to their importunities, and agreed to join Talleyrand in Campania. Having met, they journeyed on, hoping to meet the sulphureous breath of Avernus *at every step*. All day they continued their wanderings, guided only by the supernatural intimations of *Weishaupt's* Familiar, till the shadows of night began

to close around them. The moon was at the meridian; the moment auspicious, when the necromancer commenced his incantations. Birds of darkness began to flit around them; heavy clouds gathered over their heads, and the earth was felt to tremble, as Weishaupt muttered his potent spell. On these unholy rites, Fate has interposed her curtain, and blotted out the pages which ought to succeed. We lament the loss of this part of our author the more, as a description of the best way of going to hell, now-a-days, must have been highly entertaining. One circumstance strikes us very forcibly; as it seems to argue the defection of the conjuror: No Weishaupt is mentioned in any of the succeeding pages in our possession, and the Hero of the Great Nation is left to prosecute his infernal peregrinations alone. We are therefore authorized to suppose, that this adept in mischief, not wishing to participate in the danger he had allotted to Talleyrand, led him to the brink of the precipice, delivered him into the hands of the great enemy of mankind, and withdrew himself, safe and sound, from the honor and responsibility of so hazardous an undertaking.

WITH what species of "diplomatic skill" Talleyrand prevailed on Charon to ferry him over the sable waters, is not known; for, where the letters again begin to brighten into form, we find the Minister and Cerberus about to commence a negociation. This part seems so charmingly managed by the Poet (for here he is a Poet) that we shall transcribe it for the amusement of our readers.

"THE triple monster from his hellish bed,
Rous'd as he heard the limping hero's tread,
Rush'd to his kennel door, to take his stand,
Shook his three heads, and growl'd this stern demand:

Whence and what art thou execrable fool ?
What boatman brought thee o'er the Stygian pool ?
Where is thy passport ? where thy golden bough ?
What climate breeds such crooked things as thou ?

To these interrogations Talleyrand could not listen without emotion : He felt the blood withdraw itself from his extremities, and flow all cold and curdling into the very centre of his heart. Some time elapsed before the work retrieved its locomotive faculty ; but at length the petrifaction began to dissolve, and his tongue was again loosened from its fear bound captivity. His "diplomatic skill," that powerful charm which had unnerved so many nations, he had taken care to bear about him, and now, when perils crowded on him, he began to shake it up for use. He thus addressed the Porter of Hell :—

" Ah ! Cerberus, I love thee from my heart ;
So kind and gentle in thy way thou art !
How meek thy mien and musical thy voice !
Thy tail 'tis true,———but then a tail's thy choice.
It kills my heart to see a beast so brave,
With many heads and every one a slave.
When shall I see your lady-bitch, good now ?
(The breed's a most prodigious breed I vow ;
And e'er to t'other world I journey up,
Methinks I'll ask the devil for a pup.
In "peace and safety" might my masters snore
With such a dog to guard their palace door)—aside.

The minister now paused, not without some uncertainty touching the disposition of the centinel : to dissipate *every* doubt, Cerberus opened his chaps, "and loud and *long the dog of* midnight howl'd." The fears of Talleyrand were, moreover, considerably invigorated, as he

perceived the monster raise up his hinder parts which were before gathered within the den; and he endeavored to make good his retreat; uttering as he backed off, these words:—

EXCUSE me, Citizen Dog, I've got no sop,
As I'm alive; no honey, not a drop:
But let me pass, and I'll delight to tell
How kind a Devil is the Dog of Hell.

CERBERUS shook himself from his litter, and demanded once more, in the most terrific tone, the name, country and quality of his visitor. The poor fugitive, too much alarmed to think of any other expedient, dropped on one knee and made the following reply:

TALLEYRAND.

I beseech you, Cerberus, not to be hasty in your proceedings. I will inform you on the several subjects of your inquiry, if you will listen patiently to what I have to say.—My name is Talleyrand, my country is France, and I am the Envoy Extraordinary of that nation to the Directory of this. You have unquestionably heard of our great revolution, are well acquainted with its principles, and no doubt feel an interest in their success. You, yourself, Cerberus, are the slave of a tyrannical master, and it would be the proudest deed of my life could I set you free. In France the very canaille have risen to the highest honours of the state; and even at this moment, a monster, like yourself, is at the head of our political administration. I cannot see why the adoption of the same principles should not produce the same effects here; nor can I, for my life, find any reason which would reduce Cerberus's hopes of dominion below those of Pluto.

CERBERUS.

RISE, Talleyrand, your excellent qualities have made you dear to Cerberus. I sit in the mouth of my den and listen to the wailing of many a ghost, wandering on the other shore, whose carcass you have given to birds and beasts of prey.—The *Brave Republicans* have rendered trifling, and beneath attention, every villain of antiquity, whose name till now, has been embalmed with infamy; and you, my friend, are a thousand times more infernally glorious than a Brutus or a Cataline, an Harmodius or an Aristogiton; nay, even, than the Robber Procrustes, or the Ephesian Erostratus. The project of fraternizing Hell, is most certainly worthy of its great inventors; and, that we may discuss this point with more security, suppose we retire into my kennel; I assure you, on the honor of a dog, you have nothing to fear.

TALLEYRAND.

NEVER shall distrust assail the breast of Talleyrand, while he can thus fly, with fraternal confidence, into the arms of his beloved Cerberus.

HERE the fraternal hug is given, and Talleyrand, overcome by the vehement affection of his brother beast, falls, deprived of motion, and almost of life, at the threshold of his den.—While he thus lay wrapped in insensibility, the newly illuminated Cerberus went off at a dog-trot, returned with his three mouths freighted with the waters of Styx, and emptied them, with the utmost solicitude, full in the face of the entranced adventurer. *However this act of* kindness might have conduced to his *re-animation,* certain it is, that no touches of gratitude *were generated* by it in Talleyrand. His revivifying

pange found the most piteous utterance. He exclaimed against his persecuting destiny; poured out torrents of maledictions on the Directory; and imprecated a thousand curses a piece on the three heads of his tormentor. No epithet of abuse was severe enough for his purpose. He called him "a treacherous, misbegotten hound;"—the bear of darkness;"—"an unwholesome, shag-eared monster"—"a mountain of mischief," and "the great Jeffersonian Mammoth." Poor Cerberus bore all this like a good dog, and endeavoured with the most winning concern, to deprecate his wrath.

CERBERUS.

"WEEP not, good Talleyrand, weep not at this misfortune. The embrace of which thou complainest should rather be received as a proof of love, than an evidence of malice. There is not a fibre in thy system, but is the busy witness of my esteem, and yet thou rebellest against thine own nature.—Come, come be pacified;—surely Frenchmen should not murmur, when those are silent who have suffered the lustful grasp of thy master. He indeed squeezes with a vengeance. Think of those nations, that, clasped in his fond arms, have felt their heart's blood ooze from every pore; and breathed their last sigh under the pressure of his tenderness. Think of these, and let thy lamentations be turned into songs of joy, and thy angry frown into the nod of pardon."

TALLEYRAND.

VILE slave, will all your precious nonsense set my fractured ribs? will it charm my aching body into quiet? Oh! fool that I was, to trust my poor frame among the *paws of such an* unheard-of traitor! I may have a whole *bone or two* about me, but none from my hips upwards,

that's most certain. What a comely thing I shall be, too, if I recover!---I am not an Atlas, to bear a world, but I shall seldom be seen without a mountain on my shoulders.(5) If my breast bone comes forward, as I expect it will, poverty cannot be among the evils of my life, for no one can say Talleyrand lacks a *full chest*. But the chief advantage I shall enjoy from this fraternizing sport will be the innumerable excrescences that will grow out of my soldered fragments; every bone-knot as large as---my hoof at least.---

MAY all the aches that mortal ever felt
Gnaw on the joints of those who sent me hither:
And, faithless dog, to pay the debt I owe thee,
May discord set thy shaggy heads at war.

THERE is something uncommonly beautiful in this speech of Talleyrand, particularly in the conclusion, where his final curses are thrown into blank verse, in order to render them more striking and terrible. He was not, however, so shockingly handled as his fears at first suggested. He got upon his feet (with some difficulty to be sure) walked a turn or two, and at length made overtures of reconciliation to his new acquaintance. These were accepted; and he was suffered to depart on his mission, after promising, that on his return, he would spend some time with Cerberus, and teach him to sing the Carmagnole, Ca-ira, and Marseilles hymn.

THUS released from the jaws of Cerberus, Talleyrand hurried on his way, supported by some unseen power, which still urged him forward. Scarcely had he passed *the tribunal* of Midas, when he saw at some distance *before him*, a sullen, discontented spectre, apparently *waiting his approach*: this was no other than the shade

of his friend Egalité, the murderous Orleans, who, as Talleyrand drew nigh, thus addressed him. "I am permitted to a momentary respite from agony, that I may disclose to thee Talleyrand, the miseries of Hell; follow." Tho' an unnatural courage was given to the Minister that his intellect might not be overpowered by the lighter horrors of the place; yet there were moments, when this sustaining influence forsook him, and all that can blast the sense, or harrow up the soul, was suffered to have its full effect upon the guilty adventurer. He had, during the laconic speech, surveyed the features of his departed brother in evil, and scarcely recognized a single trait, so distorted were they with the anguish of his sufferings. But when the phantom ceased, and with an awful and mysterious wave of his withered hand, beckoned him away, his soul died within him.—Another summons was repeated before he was enabled to proceed: He muttered an ejaculation of remorse, and went on.

THEY had now reached the borders of Phlegethon, and the adamantine gates of the Vast Profound were displayed. The confused din of tortured souls rushed upon their ears; scenes of Gorgon terror flashed on Talleyrand's sight; and he was again well nigh sinking into that state of mental suffocation whence he had so lately emerged. As they stood on the portal, and their eyes wandered through the gloom, suddenly the groans and lamentations of the agonized wretches within, were hushed; a pale illumination shot up from below; and from the middle of the unfathomable abyss was seen slowly to rise a vast and fiery globe, upborne, like a bubble, on the vapours, which perpetually ascended from the nether regions of the deep. Fluctuating from side to side, it rose higher and higher, till it became stationary, directly opposite the place to which Talleyrand had been conducted by his in-

substantial guide. He had now fortitude sufficient imparted to him, to survey with tolerable composure this fearful apparition: and he discovered it to be a shell of transparent, but solid fire, through which every thing passing in its capacious concavity was perfectly visible. Thousands of wretched forms, goaded by a thousand deadly impulses, were seen tumultuously rushing on each other with a fury never to be appeased; hate, discord, envy, malice, jealousy, revenge, anarchy and murder, directed with demoniac exultation their frantic deeds; and it seemed to be a world, in which every dreadful passion and propensity that disturb the repose of mankind, was turned loose to riot in ineffectual slaughter and eternal misery.

THE silence was now broken by Talleyrand's guide, who, very naturally supposed the envoy was impatient for an explanation of what was passing before him.

"YOU behold, said he, "the punishment appointed for your revolutionary countrymen. In this region of retribution, all those who indulged their vicious inclinations to the subversion of order in France; who fed on the spoils of innocence, and sated their blood-craving appetites with human carnage; who overturned the altars of their God; and laid waste the happiness of a nation, are doomed forever to writhe under the consequences of their enormities; to be at once the murderer and the victim; and to feel, while they dispense, all the varieties of cruelty which their abandoned spirits had suggested, ere they were precipitated from the world above. Philosophers who all their lives have been pursuing an imaginary something, a delusive phantom, are here plunged into the dreadful reality; and are continually suffering the pangs of *dissolution*, without the alleviating hope of eternal sleep. *Woefully are those* mistaken who imagine that death is *no more than a state* of quiet forgetfulness; who suppose

no after-reckoning will call them to a strict and awful question on their earthly career. Life is the allotted state of purification wherein the soul must divest herself of the evils of human nature, subject her propensities to the incorruptible will of divine affection, and so harmonize her wishes as to be herself her own heaven of never failing delight. But if she passes the irremeable gates " with all her imperfections on her head;" if the burning tooth of accursed desire continues unquenched, and hungers after its forbidden morsel, in this place it rages with encreasing fury, and is her never dying worm of torment: for all things entering here are eternal, and change is never known."

DURING this discourse, Talleyrand had withdrawn his eyes from the terrifying prospect and fixed them with stupid horror on the void of darkness; he now lifted them to the mangled countenance of his conductor, and beheld it, in all its ghastliness, tinged with the sulphureous emanations of the infernal orb. He shrunk into himself, and the Ghost of Orleans proceeded. " Miserable fool that I am, I too have been the slave of passion, and the consummator of my own destiny—Yes, Talleyrand, to the bosom of that perdition am I doomed to return, when at your departure the date of my respite shall expire. Wonder not to hear these sentiments from the mouth of Orleans, a perfect consciousness of the pleasures they have sacrificed, and the heinous nature of the crimes they have committed, is among the sharpest curses which hell has awarded to the wicked. In the midst of all my frantic outrages, remorse is my constant companion. She preys on my quivering vitals which grow beneath her devouring fangs." He had scarcely uttered these words when Tal-

leyrand observed himself to be involved in shadow, and heard the whizzing of wings in rapid flight above his head. The fiends were conveying another ghost to *la place de la revolution*. The flame closed over him forever; and he was instantly welcomed with an hundred burning daggers in his bosom. Pained to madness he returned the salutation, and mingling in the uproar, was soon lost in the indistinguishable rout. "What you have just witnessed," said Orleans, "was the *apotheosis* of Tone (6) the Irish rebel; he has contrived to make his way here without the hangman's aid; and as a French citizen and labourer in the cause of destruction is now finally deposited among his brethren."

TALLEYRAND now discovered many of his old comates, whose visages were not totally obliterated. Robespierre, Danton, Carnot, (7) Brissot, Marat, Condorcet, and the Orator of the human race, were among the number. The distinction of Cordelier and Jacobin, appeared to be altogether forgotten; those ties which on earth bound some of them together in one deadly interest, were broken; and each perturbed spirit became a Fury of vengeance to his brother. But amid this throng of Republicans and Philosophers he looked in vain for Mirabeau, and ventured, in a tremulous voice, to ask his guide in what manner his earliest and dearest associate was disposed of. For him replied the ghost, has been reserved a deeper and heavier perdition. He is now suffering in the hidden cells of anguish, the very sight of which would stiffen all thy joints with horror. In the entrails of yonder rock which rises from that ocean of liquid fire whose waves never sleep, is the home, the last dreadful home of Mirabeau---Mirabeau, whose sacrilegous purposes were *conceived in* darkness, and brought forth in blood;

whose crimes were more numerous than the fiends which surround thee, more remorseless than the bosom of Alecto; Whose corrupt heart rotted in its own impurity; who died blaspheming; and to honor whose pestilential remains, the ashes of a virgin saint were torn from their hallowed rest and scattered to the winds of heaven. Nor is Mirabeau a solitary sufferer: Voltaire, and all those whose bodies pollute the holy shrine of St. Genevieve, with the apostate Priests and Bishops, are there racked on the excruciating wheel of hopeless despair.

After a momentary silence, the mingling yells of varied torture burst from their confine, a black whirlwind swept along the gulph; and the fatal orb moved from its station. As it gradually descended, Talleyrand followed it with his eyes till it was lost in utter darkness. The gates, self moving, now closed the terrific scene, and left the Minister to ruminate on the wonders of the place, as his guide conducted him, silently, towards the palace of Pluto---They soon arrived in sight of those delightful fields where the great and good repose in endless felicity. When come to the residence of the Prince of Darkness, Egalité was dismissed, and Talleyrand was delivered over to the shade of Dulau, the unfortunate Archbishop of Arles. Different, indeed, were the objects of Talleyrand's contemplation, as he passed along the flowery banks of Elysium, from those he had witnessed on the borders of Phlegethon. Pure rills gushing from their rose-fringed fountains, "on orient pearls and sands of gold," bubbled along in mazy wantonness; thousands of cool and pleasant arbours rose, in blooming tufts, on every side:---Not a grove but had some new and captivating beauty; not a mead but was impurpled with the violet or flushed with the carnation:---The voice of ecstacy warbled

from every bush; the smile of celestial joy glittered on every countenance:—"The scene shone bright with bliss;" and every thing seemed to give evidence that it was the "Place

"WHERE mischiefs never fly, cares never come
With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,
Nor malice forky-tongued."

As our author, in this part of his performance, is rather interesting, it is with pleasure we lay it before our readers. It may be considered as no unfavourable specimen of his serious poetry.

"THERE, rage no storms; the sun diffuses there,
His temper'd beams, thro' skies forever fair.
There gentler airs, o'er brakes of myrtle blow,
Hills greener rise and purer waters flow;
There bud the woodbine and the jes'mine pale,
With every bloom that scents the morning gale;
While thousand melting sounds the breezes bear,
In silken dalliance, to the dreaming ear,
And golden fruits, mid shadowy blossoms, shine,
In fields immortal and in groves divine.
As onward, thro' the joyful plains he goes,
Th' apostate priest no touch of comfort knows.
The sight of sainted souls in pleasure laid,
By ev'ry stream, and bless'd in every shade,
Joys which his guilty soul must never share,
His spirit plunged in comfortless despair.
E'en then when mem'ry shew'd his every sin,
When all was darkness and remorse within,
His martyr guide directs his trembling eyes
To where his monarch's peaceful refuge lies;

Where in the centre of a blooming wood,
Immortal Louis rests, the mild and good.
A crown he wore, by angel fingers made;
Around his head celestial glories play'd;
In wreathes of light his radient limbs were drest,
And transport harbour'd in his holy breast.
Close by his side, in beauty's pride, was seen,
His life's last thought, his gentle, faithful Queen:
In bowers of bliss, like the first pair, they play,
Or, hand in hand, pursue their flow'ry way.
A sight like this, to keener pangs consign'd
The quiv'ring tenure of his blasted mind;
When thus his guide: "Behold that lovely pair,
Whose lives were faultless as their lot is fair;
Whose innocent blood, by ruffian hands was shed;
Who call'd no curses on their murd'rer's head:—
These were thy Sov'reigns, Priest; the blood of these
No charms can silence, and no prayers appease;
It mounts, like incense, to th' eternal throne,
And brings the judgments of th' Almighty down.
Quick flies the time, the rapid hours advance
That wing the dreadful destiny of France:
Her race, her horrid race of crime is run;
Beneath th' horizon sinks her bloody sun;
The cloud built turrets of her pride decay;
Their evening crimson fades in gloom away;
Fierce portants blaze, and to the world declare
The last sad night of Anarch's fell career.

THE time has been, ere scribbling knaves began
To claim more rights than God design'd for man;
To teach mankind that passion never strays;
That human nature's just in all her ways;
That christian laws are ludicrously nice,
And sweet, oh! sweet's the downy bed of vice:—

Ere convict Thieves, at their own fate amazed,
Were from the gallows to the Pulpit raised;
Ere, in the face of guilt-annoying day,
The mother play'd to shew her child the way;
Ere the son pluck'd the hoary father's beard;
Ere beggars reign'd, and beggars' trulls were fear'd;—
While Paris, yet, could plead her virtuous ten,
And prayers sincere were mutter'd now and then:—
The time has been, that gave the rustic throng
Their evening ballet, and their morning song.
E'en Paris, then, her harmless joys could boast;
Who was most upright, then, was honor'd most;
And no vile blush our grateful cheeks o'er spread
To ask a blessing on our Monarch's head.
In those good days it was not strange to bend,
With cordial friendship, o'er a bleeding friend;
To see a foe in cureless anguish lay,
And smooth'd his pillow as he pass'd away.
Then, want was furnish'd with the means to live,
For men had hearts to feel, and hands to give;
Then wealth dispensed what happiness it could,
To taste the luxury of doing good;
Then beauty wept at sympathy's command,
And love was then no stranger in the land.
Tell me, false Autun, what has France obtain'd
In lieu of these; what great advantage gain'd.
With all your new illumination fired,
With licence bless'd, with sacrilege inspired;
With venerable piles in ruin laid,
By village tales the wood god's dwellings made;
With all the hamlet's sweet delights o'erthrown;
With flocks undone, and pious pastors flown;
With knaves carousing where the poor were fed;
With ev'ry gen'rous, social virtue dead;

With all these blessings added to your store,---
Say, are you better, happier than before.

We are sorry the extent of our plan will not suffer us to give the whole of this passage; but we will select from it that part which particularly refers to America. After Talleyrand became assured of the final triumph of Great Britain, and of the restoration of monarchy in France, he was solicitous to know in what manner the difference with America would terminate; as he had still hopes of getting a crop from her, before he should be obliged to resign the task, of renting out the globe to other hands. It was true, she had been kicked and bruised with too little ceremony, and it was said she was preparing to kick in her turn; but this report seemed to Talleyrand, rather problematical, inasmuch as she had been cuffed for many years without resentment, complaint, or even a murmur. He, however wished to try, if her back was absolutely up, whether a little affected humiliation, and sorrow for the past, would not happily restore him once more to her confidence. Dulau answers:

Go, more than dæmon, go, resume thy art:
Go, plead repentance, and a contrite heart;
Go, let affection glitter through a tear;
Go, proffer peace;---the peaceful land will hear.
While sordid commerce hugs her mangled trade;
While public fame a slave to gold is made;
While thefts and insults only touch the breast
With grief for some and hope to save the rest,
Tho' but two fractions of the whole remain,
Who pleads for peace will never plead in vain.
Go, for Columbia waits, with anxious eyes,
To see thee smile, an easy, willing prize;

The gates of Janus there are ever barr'd;
Thou'rt sure to triumph, though thy terms are hard.
And when the flattering league of friendship's made,
When every little fear in peace is laid;
When, wrapp'd in specious rest, they bless their lot,
The future fair, and all the past forgot,
Then cut the mounds of faction's lawless flood,
And drench another land in tears and blood.
Infatuate men, ah! what avails your *boast*,
Your rising Navy, and your guarded coast,
Your hosts of patriot youth, in arms array'd;—
'Tis, all, the wretched shadow of a shade.
For soon the spoiler comes "with wanton wiles,
With quips, and cranks, and nods, and wreathed smiles,"
Disarms your vengeance, stays the lifted blow,
And lays your freedom and your honor low.
So the poor girl whose bold seducer flies
With steps too rude to seize the virgin prize,
Frowns on the wretch who dar'd invade her charms,
And all her injur'd feelings rush to arms:
But soon return'd, he drops an artful tear,
And pours his plaintive sorrows in her ear,
'Till treacherous love admits the wily cheat,
And stamps her ruin and her shame complete.
So Satan once with "diplomatic skill,"
RUSH'd through the tangles of the sacred hill,
Beguil'd the truth of *Adam's* honest mind,
And nail'd the yoke of mischief on mankind.
Infatuate men! while clouds invest the air,
You fondly dream to-morrow will be fair:
Still careless on the same dull road you stray,
Nor heed the stormy dangers of the way;
With you the frolic and the feast is found,
The Chariot rattles and the glass goes round:

You still can truck your wares, and go to bed
With some new speculation in your head;
Still strut the 'Change with Haberdasher pride;
Still count the profits, and the gain divide;
Still take the breakfast paper, and explore
The advertising columns o'er and o'er;
And, if the tale, should meet your listless glance,
Of some new land a prey to bloody France,
You still can look at home, with vast content,
And underwrite the state for one per cent.

SUCH was the prophetic spirit of our author when engaged in this truly curious little work. And what can we say of his predictions: Are they not the offspring of a sickly imagination brooding over its own misfortunes? Meteors of a stagnant mind, the victim of a sedentary life? Surely, surely, America, after her long suffering, is not at last to be dragged into the vortex of revolutionary misery. And yet------

SONG.

[*Sung at a Festival in Philadelphia, in commemoration of the ever memorable Victory of Lord Nelson of the Nile.*]

FROM Britain's proud Island, the Queen of the Main,
Hear the heart-chearing music of conquest again;
As Vincent and Duncan their triumphs unfurl'd,
So *Nelson*, brave *Nelson* amazes the world.

Hearts of oak are her ships, hearts of oak are her men,
They always are ready,
Steady boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer, again and again.

Like cliff-guarded Islands his squadron was moor'd
His guns with the bolts of destruction were stor'd,
As the Angel of vengeance, he ordered the fight,
And flash'd its red flame on the visage of night.
Hearts of oak, &c.

How dread was the scene, on the gloom-shrouded flood,
When Nile's oozy waters were mingled with blood,
While darkness and horror encompass'd the foe,
And death in all shapes laid the infidels low.
Hearts of oak, &c.

With a burst as from Ætna, their Chief blown in air,
And their bare flagless hulks wrap'd in silent despair;
The conflict subsided, and *Nelson* sublime,
In triumph sent home a whole fleet at a time.
Hearts of oak, &c.

Exult little Island! fair Queen of the Main,
We'll echo thy songs of rejoicing again,
And soon shall our Eagle, combin'd in the cause,
Display *his* sea laurel and gain thy applause.
Hearts of oak, &c.

IL PENSEROSO.

I HATE this spungy world, with all its store,
This bustling, noisy, nothingness of life,
This treacherous herd of friends with hollow core,
This vale of sorrow, and this field of strife.

Me, shall some little tranquil thatch receive,
Some settled low content, remote from care,
There will I pipe away the sober eve,
And laugh all day at Lady Fortune there.

Why should I mingle in the mazy ring
Of drunken folly at the shrine of chance?
Where insect pleasure flits on burnished wing,
Eludes our wishes, and keeps up the dance;

When in the quiet of an humble home,
Beside the fountain, or upon the hill,
Where strife and care and sorrow never come,
I may be free and happy, if I will.

SONG.

BOY, shut too the door, and bid trouble begone,
If sorrow approach, turn the key,
Our comfort this night from the glass shall be drawn,
And mirth our companion shall be.

Who would not with pleasure the moments prolong,
When tempted with Friendship, Love, Wine and a Song.

What art thou, kind power, that soft'nest me so,
That kindlest this love boding sigh,
That bid'st with affection, my bosom o'erflow,
And send'st the fond tear to my eye.

I know thee! forever thy visit prolong,
Sweet spirit of Friendship, Love, Wine and a Song.

See the joy-waking influence rapidly fly,
And spirit with spirit entwine,
The effulgence of rapture enamels each eye,
Each soul rides triumphant like mine.

On a sea of good humour floats gayly along,
Surrounded with Friendship, Love, Wine and a Song.

And now to the regions of Fancy we soar,
Thro' scenes of enchantment we stray,
We revel in transports untasted before,
Or loiter with love on the way.

Resolv'd like good fellows the time to prolong,
That cheers us with Friendship, Love, Wine, and a Song.

For Friendship, the solace of mortals below,
In the thicket of life, loves a rose,
Good wine can content on misfortune bestow,
And a song's not amiss, I suppose.

Then fill, my good fellows, the moment prolong,
With a bumper to Friendship, Love, Wine and a Song.

SONG.

SOUL of Columbia, quenchless spirit, come!
Unroll thy standard to the sullen sky,
Bind on thy war robes, beat the furious drum,
Rouse, rouse, thy Lion Heart, and fire thy Eagle-eye.

Dost thou not hear the hum of gathering war;
Dost thou not know
The insidious Foe
Yokes her gaunt wolves, and mounts her midnight car.

Dost thou not hear thy tortur'd seamen's cries?
Poor hapless souls in dreary dungeons laid;
Towards thee they turn their dim, imploring eyes:
Alas! they sink—and no kind hand to aid.

Thou dost, and every son of thine
Shall rest in guilty peace no more;
With noble rage they pant to join,
The conflict's heat, the battle's roar.

Loose to the tempest let thy banner fly,
Rouse, rouse thy Lion Heart and fire thy eagle eye.

ADDRESS

OF

The Devil,

To the United Irishmen. (8)

AT a late nocturnal cabal of United Irishmen, a curious circumstance took place, which, for a moment, threw the whole assembly into confusion. The cavern, wherein they had been accustomed to mature their deeds of darkness, was forsaken during the late season of trepidation and chastisement. On their return to this unhallowed den, the most shocking derangement appeared in every corner; initiatory apparatus lay in fragments scattered

over the earthen floor; the hieroglyphic records of the clan were torn and defaced; and every thing exhibited some marks of having been visited by an inhabitant of the lower regions. While they were busied in restoring order to the infernal apartment, a blue misty light was seen hovering over the sink which was used as a repository of filth, and in a few minutes the whole place was filled with a sulphureous and suffocating vapour. The astonishment and alarm excited on this occasion can be very readily imagined, but it is not easy to picture the confusion which succeeded the appearance of Satan himself, issuing from the flame. The cloven hoofed monarch advanced into the centre of the assembly, and by the familiarity of his demeanor, and the persuasive melody of his tongue, soon dissipated the terror by which the poor wretches had been so unmercifully shaken. In one hand he held a number of halters, like strings of wampum, in the other a scroll containing the following talk, which he delivered to the chuckling fraternity with great energy of emphasis, and propriety of action; delivering a halter at every pause.

Brothers,

Incarnate Patriots, Guillotins,
Reformers, Democrats and Jacobins,
Whether in Brothel or in Limbo cramm'd,
Old sinning miscreants, " damn'd or to be damn'd,"
This string of friendship to your hopes I send,
Ere Catch's cordage brings you to an end.

Gives a halter.

Brothers,

Relax not in the good old cause;
Down with the Constitution, burn the Laws;
Dissolve this paradox, for who can be,
At once, to Law a shackled slave, and free.
Sure he, who made you the Creation's pride,
A will dispensed, and sense that will to guide;
Made you free agents on this nether sphere,
With Hell to hope for, and with Heaven to fear.
And meant no power, but Nature, should restrain
The blissful wanderings of the human brain.

A halter.

Brothers,

Be bold, be resolute; what e'er
Ye will to do, that do and never fear.
Seek your own good, ask nothing from the wise,
In man's own strength, man's own protection lies.
All men are equal: not a lowly hind,
The shivering object of the winter's wind;
But justly claims, in common right with all,
An equal portion of this teeming ball:
His birthright 'tis, incorp'rate with his breath,
And yields to nothing, 'till it yields to death.

A halter.

Brothers,

And yet full many a villain lives,
Unfed, amid the stores that Nature gives,
Without one sod to yield a kind repast,
And scarce allow'd his lubber's length at last.

A halter.

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Brothers,

Arouse; your long lost rights regain;
Survey the Earth, and measure out the Main;
Fire, light and air with curious skill divide,
Then sit ye down and rest ye satisfied.

A halter.

Brothers,

Be bloody; let no tears controul,
Nor mawkish pity hang about your soul.
When beauty pleads, tho' as the morning fair,
Tho' angel sweetness breathes thro' all her pray'r,
Tho' e'en with love, her panting bosom swells,
Be deaf as adders to the tale she tells;
And, in return for many a gentle word,
Such mercy give as daggers' points afford.

A halter.

Brothers,

The task unnumber'd pains await,
Your toils are many, and your dangers great,
But fear not you, whatever ills betide.
I am your friend, your patron and your guide.

A halter.

ANSWER

OF

The United Irishmen to an Address from

The Devil.

WITH hearts overflowing with consideration,
We tender our thanks for your joyous Oration;
Our hopes never fluttered with half so much grace,
As now at the good looking gloom of your face;
But permit us to say there is not to be found,
Upon Christian or Jew, or Mahometan ground,
Among all your breed, such a comfortless crew,
With "*Sorrows*" so many, and "*Blisses*" so few;
Cross'd, evermore, cross'd from the tail to the head,
And doom'd of affliction to mumble the bread.

A string of lies and blasphemies.

When first we were bless'd with a flattering sky,
When the wind whistled round and the tempest was nigh,
We thought, the storm over, a living to gain,
And a snug little palace to keep out the rain;
Your maxims we conn'd, it was clear as the sun,
When the laws which cemented the mass were undone,
That the true rights of man were to quarter the land,
And each draw a share of the stock upon hand.
But out on the lubbers they stuck to their stuff,
And swore British freedom was freedom enough.
Not a clown of us all his allowance could draw,
For we'd nothing in common, but equal common law;

So with Senates and Judges they kept up the ball,
And it proved to be no revolution at all;
Thus our Rights imprescriptible vanish'd och hone!
And your own little biters were bit to the bone.

A string of lies and blasphemies.

Half starved and half naked we ruggled along,
While law, peace and order contented the throng;
Till France bow'd to liberty, goddess adored,
And her Image carved out with the edge of the sword;
Genet with a croud at his Citizen heels,
His songs, his commissions, harangues and appeals,
Our courage reviv'd, and to top off the jest,
We kicked up a good thumping row in the West;
To be sure thought ourselves we're among it at last,
Here'll be forage enough to atone for the past;
But Edmond too anxious to feather his bed,
With his musty meal merchants knock'd all in the hea
So our rights imprescriptible vanished once more,
And the sin of rebellion was laid at our door.

A string of lies and blasphemies.

MARY WILL SMILE.

[*Sung by Miss Broadhurst, at the Theatre, Philadelphi*

COMPOSED BY B. CARR.

THE morn was fresh, and pure the gale,
When Mary from her cot a rover,
Pluck'd many a wild rose of the vale
To bind the temples of her lover.

As near his little Farm she stray'd,
Where birds of love were ever pairing
She saw fier William in the shade,
The arms of ruthless war preparing.

Tho' now, he cried, I seek the hostile plain,
Mary shall smile, and all be fair again.

2

She seized his hand, and ah! she cried,
Wilt thou to camps and war a stranger
Desert thy Mary's faithful side,
And bare thy life to every danger?

Yet go, brave youth! to arms away!
My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee,
And when the drum beats far away,
I'll drop a silent tear and bless thee.

Return'd with honor, from the hostile plain,
Mary will smile, and all be fair again.

3.

The bugles thro' the forest wind,
The woodland soldiers call to battle,
Be some protecting angel kind,
And guard thy life when cannons rattle!

She sung—and as the rose appears
In sunshine, when the storm is over,
A smile beam'd sweetly thro' her tears
The blush of promise to her lover.

Return'd in triumph from the hostile plain,
All shall be fair and Mary smile again.

TO SLEEP.

HENCE with thy palsied hand detested sleep!
Go seal the lids of wretchedness and care:
Seek thou the couch where injur'd Beauties weep
And rescue these one moment from despair.

For me, I charge thee o'er my busy brain,
Thy stupifying influence never fling,
Fancy is there, with all her lovely train,
And dreads the shadow of thy raven wing.

But when exhausted is my ling'ring breath,
And songs of joy, and every transport o'er,
One sleep I'll take, the last cold sleep of death,
To wake where thou canst never plague me more.

TO A ROBIN.

FROM winter so dreary and long,
Escap'd, ah! how welcome the day,
Sweet Bob with his innocent song,
Is return'd to his favorite spray.

When the voice of the tempest was heard,
As o'er the bleak mountain it pass'd,
He hied to the thicket, poor bird!
And shrank from the pitiless blast.

By the maid of the valley survey'd,
Did she melt at thy comfortless lot?

Her hand, was it stretch'd to thy aid,
As thou pick'dst at the door of her cot?

She did; and the wintery wind,
May it howl not around her green grove.
Be a bosom so gentle and kind,
Only fann'd by the breathings of love.

She did; and the kiss of her swain,
With rapture, the deed shall requite,
That gave to my window again
Poor Bob and his song of delight.

TO FANCY.

AIRY traveller, Queen of song,
Sweetest Fancy, ever young,
I to thee my soul resign;
All my future life be thine:
Rich or beggar'd, chain'd or free,
Let me live and laugh with thee.

Pride perhaps may knock, and say,
"Rise thou sluggard, come away:"
But can he thy joy impart,
Will he crown my leaping heart?
If I banish hence thy smile
Will he make it worth my while?

Is my lonely pittance past,
Fleeting good too light to last,

Lifts my friend the latch no more,
Fancy, thou canst all restore;
Thou canst, with thy airy shell,
To a palace raise my cell.

At night while stretch'd on lowly bed,
When tyrant tempest shakes my shed,
And pipes aloud; how bless'd am I,
All cheering nymph, if thou art by,
If thou art by to snatch my soul
Where billows rage and thunders roll.

From cloud, o'er peering mountain's brow
We'll mark the mighty coil below,
While round us innocently play
The light'ning's flash, and meteor's ray,
And, all so sad, some spectre form
Is heard to moan amid the storm.

With thee to guide my steps I'll creep
In some old haunted nook to sleep,
Lull'd by the dreary night-bird's scream
That flits along the wizard stream,
And there, till morning 'gins appear,
The tales of troubled spirits hear.

Sweet's the dawn's ambiguous light,
Quiet pause 'tween day and night,
When, afar, the mellow horn
Chides the tardy gaited morn,
And asleep is yet the gale
On sea-beat mount, and river'd vale.

But the morn, tho' sweet and fair,
Sweeter is when thou art there;
Hymning stars successive fade,
Fairies hurtle thro' the shade,
Love-lorn flowers I weeping see,
If the scene is touch'd by thee.

When unclouded shines the day,
When my spirits dance and play,
To some sunny bank we'll go
Where the fairest roses blow,
And in gamesome vein prepare
Chaplets for thy spangled hair.

Thus through life with thee I'll glide,
Happy still whate'er betide,
And while plodding sots complain
Of ceaseless toil and slender gain,
Every passing hour shall be
Worth a golden age to me.

Then lead on, delightful power,
Lead, Oh! lead me to thy bower;
I to thee my soul resign,
All my future life be thine,
Rich or beggar'd, chain'd or free,
Let me live and laugh with thee.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

FOR lonely Shades, and rustic bed,
Let philosophic spirits sigh;
I ask no melancholy shed,
No hermit's dreary cave, not I.

But where, to skirt some pleasant vale,
Ascends the rude uncultur'd hill,
Where 'midst its cliffs to every gale,
Young Echo mocks the passing rill:

Where Spring thro' every merry Year,
Delighted trips her earliest round;
Sees all her varied tints appear,
And all her fragrant Soul abound.

There let my little Villa rise,
In Beauty's simple plumage drest,
And greet with songs the morning Skies,
Sweet bird of Art, in nature's nest!

Descending there, on golden wing,
Shall fancy, with her bounties roam;
And every laurell'd art shall bring
An offering fair to deck my home.

Green beds of moss, in dusky cells,
When twilight sleeps from year to year,
And fringed plats, where Flora dwells,
With the wild wood shall neighbour near.

The Fairies thro' my walks shall roam,
And Sylphs inhabit every tree;
Come Ariel, subtlest spirit, come,
I'll find a blossom there for thee;

Extended wide, the diverse scene,
My happy casement shall command,
The busy farm, the pasture green,
And tufts where shelter'd hamlets stand.

Some dingle oft shall court my eye
To dance among the flow'rets there,
And here a lucid lake shall lie,
Emboss'd with many an islet fair.

From crag to crag, with devious sweep,
Some frantic flood shall headlong go,
And, bursting o'er the dizzy steep,
Shall slumber in the lake below.

In breezy isles and forests near,
The sylvans oft their haunts shall leave,
And oft the torrent pause to hear
The lake-nymph's song, at silent eve.

There shall the moon with half-shut eye,
Delirious, hear her vocal beam,
To fingering sounds, responsive sigh,
And bless the hermit's midnight dream.

No magic weed nor poison fell
Shall tremble there; nor drug uncouth,
To round the mutt'ring wizard's spell,
Or bathe with death the serpent's tooth.

No crusted ditch nor festering fen
With plagues shall teem, a deadly brood.
No monster leave his nightly den
To lap the 'wilder'd pilgrim's blood.

But on the rose's dewy brink,
Each prismy tear shall catch the gleam;
And give the infant buds to drink,
The colours of the morning beam.

The waters sweet, from wispering wells,
Shall loiter 'neath the flowery brake;
Shall visit oft the Naiad's cells,
And hie them to th' silver lake.

The muse shall hail, at peep of dawn,
Melodiously, the coming day;
At eve her song shall sooth the lawn,
And with the mountain echoes play.

There spring shall laugh at winter's frown,
There summer blush for gamesome spring,
And autumn, prank'd in wheaten crown,
His stores to hungry winter bring.

'Tis mine! 'tis mine! this sacred grove,
Where truth and beauty may recline
The sweet resort of many a love;
Monimia come and make it thine.

For thee, the bursting buds are ripe,
The whistling Robin calls thee here,
To thee complains the woodland pipe;
Will not my lov'd Monimia hear?

A fawn I'll bring thee, gentle maid,
To gambol round thy pleasant door;
I'll cull thee wreaths that ne'er shall fade,
What shall I say to tempt thee more?

The blush that warms thy maiden cheek,
Thy morning eye's sequester'd tear,
For me, thy kindling passion speak
And chain this subtle vision here.

Spots of delight, and many a day
Of summer love for me shall shine;
In truth my beating heart is gay,
At sight of that fond smile of thine.

Come, come my love away with me,
The morn of life is hast'ning by,
To this dear scene we'll gaily flee,
And sport us 'neath the peaceful sky.

And when that awful day shall rise,
That sees thy cheek with age grow pale,
And the soul fading in thine eyes,
We'll sigh and quit the weeping vale.

[*The following Tribute of ardent friendship, to the memory of a much-lov'd Friend, is inserted on a spare leaf, as a memorial of an attachment which nothing but death could ever have destroyed. The claims of this effusion, to consideration and candor, it is unnecessary to state; since the author is aware how much need there is, that very extensive claims on this score be allowed.*]

O'ER a lost land, long night of ruin low'rs,
" Good things of day" low droop and drowze apace;
O'erwhelming woes descend in frequent show'rs,
And frighted virtue hides her hated face.

Yet these are general and promiscuous griefs,
Which on their Authors, as on us must fall,
Alike obdurate tow'rds the guilty chiefs,
And the poor, patient slaves that bear them all.

Amidst these general perils of the hour,
The yielding, servile temper of the time,
The storm of Anarchy, the still of Pow'r,
The fall of Virtue, and the flush of Crime.

A private sorrow aggravates my lot,
For Friendship ardent, and for Truth sincere,
Too lately rescu'd from this painful spot,
Where strife and sorrow hold their mid career.

'Tis mine to bend o'er CLIFFTON's early urn,
To bow beneath th' afflicting Angel's ire,
That doom'd to silence, in its hapless turn, *
His wisdom temper'd and his muse of fire.

A flower of delicate and beauteous hue,
'Midst the rank herbage and the blatant throng,
Its fragrance strengthen'd, as its beauties blew,
And soon it tow'r'd the noxious weeds among.

Alas! the flow'r adorn'd with brightest hues,
Choak'd by rank weeds, its rich distinction yields;
Cut by the insensate boor, the earth embrues,
Or drench'd by storms, bestrews his sultry fields. †

Such are our wayward destinies on earth,
That the relentless Fates with hurried hand
Delight to sweep away peculiar worth,
And spare, to lengthen'd date, the impious band.

Their office still it seems, with thriftless toil,
To pluck th' unweeded garden of its flow'rs:
Shorn are the radiant honors of the soil,
Whilst many a thorn, and rugged briar tow'rs.

---

* *Serius ocyus, sortitur urna.* Virg.

† *Purpureus veluti cum flos, succisus aratro,*
Languescit moriens; lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.

Ed. l. ix. v. 435.

What but some star malign, prolongs the day,
Destin'd to yield———to vengeance due,
What but some min'string demon op'd the way,
And hurried Cliffton from our ling'ring view?

What but some influence dark, and blind and drear,
Quench'd this bright orb in an ill-omen'd hour,
Untimely stop'd, 'midst many a falling tear,
The tuneful tongue, that charm'd affliction's pow'r.

Yes, sure, 'twas uncontroul'd by Heav'n the day
That gave thy virtues to an early tomb;
To silence gave thy soul-enlivening lay,
Transferr'd forever to the life to come;

Thy mind enrich'd with deep and various lore,
Thy heart, to friendship's warm pulsations true,
That still uncompromising hatred bore,
To wrong, whilst daily swell'd her haggard crew.

Ah! what avail the student's anxious hours,
His thirst for knowledge, and his zeal to learn,
His eye of fire, and all his various pow'rs?
Can these one hour enliven his cold urn?

Cease we to mourn the high behest of heav'n!
To death we owe, ourselves, and all we have,*
Bound to yield up breath, for a season giv'n,
And pay due homage to the silent grave.

---

* "*Debemur morti nos nostraque,*"

† "*Semel calcanda via.*"

Thither his steps must every pilgrim bend,
And there at last his wearied spirit rest;
This path be trode, † ere yet his troubles end,
And, Heav'n appeas'd, he sits beside the blest.

Where envy, malice, vanity and pride,
Pollute not with alloy th' extatic hour,
Where faction's storms, and passion's varying tide,
Cease from their turmoil and submit to pow'r.

Where raging patriots, gorg'd with guilty gold,
Of dire rebellions fan no more the fires;
Nor murderous ruffians in long crime grow old,
Brandish the bloody means to their desires.

But where, in realms of empyreal day,
Meet, in according throngs, congenial souls;
All sense of pain shuffled off with mortal clay,
In one unclouded sky, their being rolls.

No tyrant demagogue, with footstep rude,
And ideot roar profanes this blissful seat,
Here goodness greets with joy, congenial good,
Here brethren dwell, and sunder'd sisters meet.*

Sure the lov'd youth, whom we this day deplore,
His soul in peace possessing, here is blest;
Hence smiles on those, so much belov'd before,
Here waits to greet them in the realms of rest.

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* The Idea of Dr. Beattie.

Notes.

(1) THE history of this person, affords a singular lesson on popular depravity. Not merely a very ignorant, but a very unprincipled, bad wretch, he seems to have been selected as an object of popular favor, for these very qualifications; and it must be allowed that when to these we add his demoniac visage, he is as fit a figure for an idol to those who worship the mob, as any that could be sketched, being a brief abstract of all their vices and evil propensities. At the hands of the mob, this fellow, whose ignorance is hardly competent to the avocation of a scavenger, receives an office worth Twenty Thousand Dollars per annum; an office in which his Predecessor, a man of the same principles and character, is said to have swindled the Public out of half a million of dollars. Nor is he a solitary delinquent in this office. But long custom has given a kind of sanction to dilapidations in this department, and it is now hardly looked upon as reproachful to pilfer in it.

(2) This allusion is to a poor, sorry demagogue, whose crimes having met the commencement of their retribution, even in this life, and *cujus Flaminium tegitur cinis*, his history is passed over,—tho' abounding in the most valuable and instructive lessons.

(3) The propensity of people to delight in the marvellous, and the absurd pretensions of the High-

landers to *second sight*, seem to have spread with wonderful celerity among the ignorant and vulgar. They are fertile sources of mischief, and it is to be regretted that the author had not here indulged his sarcastic vein, more diffusively.

(4) This Poem is particularly valuable, as it presents to us the result of opportunities of observation that fall to the lot of few so capable of improving them; it is particularly valuable as a portrait of Democracy *in vinis*: to have extended the design, by leading its low and miserable creatures to the ulterior stages of their alleviation; his Sniffle, with "stupid shrug, and leer, and vulgar wink, and methodistic whine," to a Theophilanthropic Archiepiscopate; his Stripe the *striking* portrait of a pedagogue, to the Presidency of the National Institute; and his Solon Verges to the Consulate of the Transatlantic Republic; – to have thus, as it were, united the comment with the text, would have afforded a field of action more worthy the sublime powers of the Poet. He had needed not, then,

To give them just a friendly nod, and pass.

(5) This seems to be an happy imitation of a passage in the Notes on Virginia, wherein, it is remarked of the Philosopher Rittenhouse, "He hath not indeed, made a world." &c. The blasphemous sneer, however, at the Powers of God Almighty, is carefully avoided.

(6) This murderous monster had sometime before exceeded justice on himself. How far the presence of

an Irish Rebel may comport with the peace of an Infernal Society of French Regicides, we are forbidden to enquire. To pry into the secrets of that prison house doth not belong to us. Notwithstanding that on earth they amalgamated so perfectly, in every work of destruction and death, it may not be a preposterous supposition, that in the Infernal *Place de la Revolution*, they may be made instruments of mutual misery.

(7) This monster hath not yet passed *ad plures*. Rewbell and Barras having failed in murdering him, Bonaparte hath reinstated him in power.

(8) United Irishmen. This description of Republicans began about the time of this publication to make a very conspicuous figure in the politics of the United States. Composed of murderers ejected from Ireland, or of villains who had there united in the most murderous purposes, they advanced to the attack of the Commonwealth with all that outrageous daring and ferocity, which may be supposed to characterize such wretches.

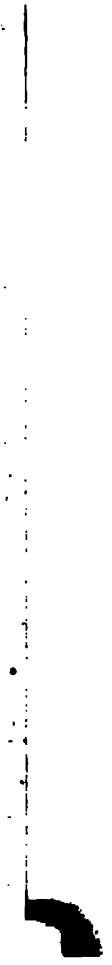
The pen of the Poet was very soon drawn against them, and this apt harangue of their patron and founder, the devil, with the annexed reply written, and published in the Gazette of the United States. The Editor of Porcupine's Gazette sallied forth upon them at the same time with his accustomed spirit, and, aided by humbler efforts, was enabled completely to thwart the designs of those sanguinary assassins. The persons who had distinguished themselves on this occasion, were repeatedly assailed with incendiary letters. Soon followed clubs, pistols and swords. Their *preservation* was little less than miraculous. The public

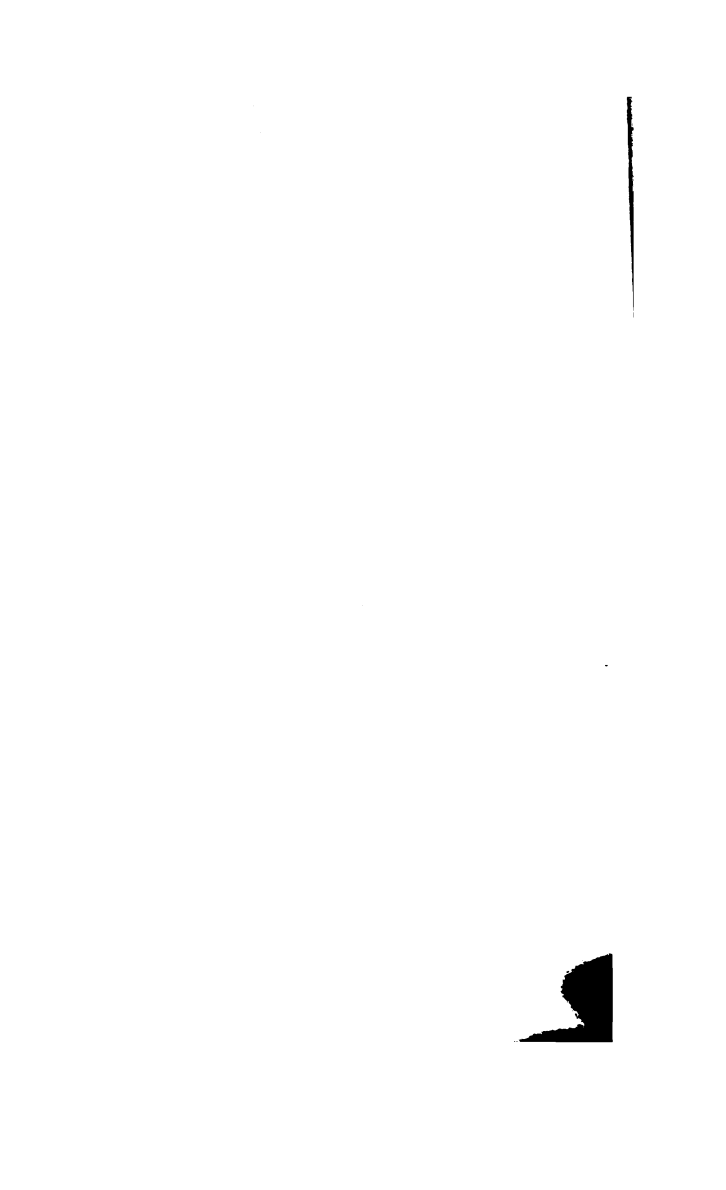
surveyed their perils with apathy, and when one of the ruffians had been sentenced to a fine of fifty dollars for forcible entry, with inte t to kill, a Jacobin Governor stood ready to remit the sentence, as he did in another case of conviction for assault and battery.

Such were the rewards of men, who had preserved at least the City, from inevitable massacre, conflagration and pillage.

CORRIGENDA.

Page 23,	line 12,	for *Christain*	read Christian.
	15,	for *Who;*	read Who,
28,	6,	for *radient*	read radiant
	38,	for *portant*	read portent
40,	6,	for *fishes.*	read fishes,
41,	33,	for *oath's*	read oaths
45,	26,	for *british*	read British
50,	13,	for *command*	read commend
53,	14,	for *Fancy*	read Fancy's
56,	18,	for *and*	read as
66,	33,	for *his*	read this
66,	18,	for *daggar*	read dagger





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